

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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A Social Pest.

THE evils that have incrustated the modern forms of civilization are dealt with in different modes by the different communities claiming to be within the pale. In some, such evils are recognized by the State as inevitable incidents in its existence—in other words, as evidences of a certain standard of wealth and refinement having been reached. In such States, social excrescences, instead of being crushed out by penal enactments, are regulated by license, and thus made a source of revenue. In other communities, again, the system of licensing what is called vice prevails only to a limited extent; that is, some vices are licensed, and so far are legalized under conditions, while others are made penal offenses. It would be taxing the patience of our readers too far to attempt even a summary of the arguments by which the propriety of licensing, and thus in a certain manner tolerating gambling, and what is euphuistically called "the social evil," is defended. Suffice it to say, that whether from the influence of inherited Puritanism, or from other characteristics which may be generically called those of race, the arguments on the other side of the question alone find favor among us. We license liquor drinking with all its attendant evils. We do not license gambling, or that other unnamable vice. Our laws say that those must be suppressed, and that is all that at present concerns us.

Two cases have lately been before our courts, to which, on account of certain public interests they involve, we think proper to direct the attention of our readers. The first was that of a man who had lost a few hundred dollars in a gambling-house. He complained to a magistrate. The keeper of the "hell" was sent for, he refunded the money, and there the matter ended. The other case is that of a prominent



HON. JAS. SPEED, OF KENTUCKY, PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION OF LOYAL SOUTHERNERS.
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bank officer. The police knew that an individual had been losing large sums of money at faro within a comparatively short time, and ascertaining that he was connected with one of the city banks, made further inquiries, and the result was the discovery that the funds of the Nassau Bank had been dishonestly taken by the party in whose custody they were, to gratify a passion for gambling by which he was possessed.

As reported in the papers, those two cases have one feature in common, namely, the complete knowledge the police appear to have of the doings in the gambling-houses. The Mulberry street office is not more familiar to them, and the gossip of "the force" only less interesting. One would almost imagine that they stand toward these abominable establishments in the relation of tutelary deities—that they pet and caress them. Would a stranger to our laws, seeing the intimacy that exists between them, believe that it was the sworn duty of the guardians of our peace utterly to break up and abolish these pests? And would it be further credited that with so glaring an instance of culpable indulgence, the heads of the department plume themselves on their efficiency, and invite criticism?

The fact is that these gambling-hells have reached such a pitch of audacity in their proceedings that they must be broken up. This is no question of a harsh and intolerant law which the sense of the public rebels against, and the evasion of which is, therefore, quietly winked at. Such a thing as licensed gambling is unknown to our laws, and is opposed to every instinct of popular morality. More than this, the existence of this evil is deplored by thousands of those ruined by it, and tens of thousands of their families who have been disgraced and beggared irretrievably. The Legislature has done all it could by passing



THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR TO CHICAGO—PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND SECRETARIES SEWARD AND WELLES VIEWING THE FALLS AT NIAGARA, FROM THE REAR OF THE TERRAPIN TOWER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.

most stringent laws. It is the Executive that is asleep.

There are some palliations for the inertness of the Police Commissioners, which our easy-going public is apt to give some weight to. They scarcely amount to the dignity of argument, for, when stated plainly, they almost carry their own refutation on their face. They are such as these: What is the use of breaking up the gambling-houses, for they will be opened again immediately? It might with equal propriety be said, What is the use of keeping a close watch on pickpockets, taking their photographs when caught, and making their existence generally miserable? They must live, and are sure to pick pockets in spite of all your vigilance. But if actual war on the gambling-houses, instead of the present state of armed neutrality, be carried on—if they be so harried that their existence becomes a burden to their proprietors—if the capture of their implements, and the arrest of all engaged in the pursuit be as much a matter of certainty as is the receipt of his salary by the Superintendent of Police, we maintain that they will be suppressed, or driven like rats to the underground holes and corners of the city.

Again, it is said men disposed to gamble will gamble in spite of all police regulations to the contrary, and if expelled from one shelter, will find refuge in another. Exactly the same may be said of all professional criminals. We grant that the passion, when it has once seized hold of a man, clings to him as the devils in old times did to one possessed, and that he will gratify it at any cost. But the laws against gambling are made as much for the protection of the young and the unwary as for the punishment of those hardened in the vice. And will it be seriously maintained by any one, that the hundreds of young men who are now enticed into the "hells" which hold out their signals in our chief thoroughfares (as lately described by a daily paper, without charge for the advertisement), and who feel secure, at least, from public exposure and disgrace, would not hesitate to enter those fatal doors if they knew the chances were very much in favor of their being arrested by the police, together with the whole gang of those who had conspired to destroy them?

To most men—especially young ones—exposure at the bar of a police court is about the worst punishment that could be inflicted, and the almost absolute certainty of this would deter a large number from doing what they might almost have persuaded themselves was only the indulgence of an innocent curiosity. We will not here contest the point as to whether dread of punishment is the highest motive for refraining from violations of the laws. That it is so to many minds—that a certainty of it would keep many from the fatal allurements of the gaming-table who otherwise might become its victims, is sufficient for our present purpose.

There is one class—a small class, however—of men to whom any such dallying with the foundations of morals is happily forbidden, and these are the Commissioners of Police. They may find in the 2d vol. Revised Statutes, pages 926-7-8, 5th edition, what their duties are in this matter. They need not say that the want of sworn informations impedes their actions. What are their detective officers worth if they cannot enter every gambling-house in the city and lodge their informations within a few hours? The police are able enough to clear our streets of pickpockets at one haul, as they boasted lately of having done, and to make a "razzia" among the street-walkers, dragging in a whole netful of these unfortunates by a well-planned strategic movement. But for those who unite the knavery of one class with a moral degradation equal to that of the other, they seem to have no eyes nor ears, though the cases we have alluded to show there is no lack of evidence when such is wanted.

We have refrained most carefully from imputing any motives to the Commissioners of Police for their lack of energy in abating this monstrous evil. We, however, warn Messrs. Acton, Bosworth and Manniere—"Mr. Bergen being now out of the police district"—that others may not always be so charitable. The gamblers are said to be, as a body, very wealthy, and to wield considerable political influence in the wards they infest. Whatever others may think, we feel persuaded that this bad eminence will be with the Commissioners only an additional reason for striking them down. The quarry is in full sight before them; and, while thousands of our fellow-citizens who have suffered either directly or indirectly from the arts of these marauders, will bless every honest endeavor to stop their career, we shall not be indifferent to the conflict, or allow ourselves to doubt its result.

EXPRESSIVE COMPLIMENT.—When Frederick the Great of Prussia had an interview with the Emperor of Germany, at Neiss, after conversing an hour, they sat down to dine with the princes and officers in their train. The Austrian General Laudohn, who had been invited among the rest, wanted to place himself at the side of the table; but Frederick made him come and sit by him, saying: "Come and sit here, general, for I have always wished to see you at my side, rather than facing me."

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York. Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

A New Volume.

THE present number is the first of the twenty-third volume of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which, as a chronicle of all the important and interesting events of the day, has gained the first position in American illustrated journalism. While it is a source of gratification to know that we have faithfully fulfilled all our pledges to the public, of which fact their increasing appreciation and patronage are the best evidence, we deem it due to ourselves and our friends to state that our arrangements contemplate a continued improvement for the future, corresponding with our marked advance in the past, and that we shall render FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER more and more an indispensable companion for every person who wishes to keep pace with the times, of which it is a faithful and spirited record. In the variety and interesting character of its reading matter, in the fidelity and excellence of its illustrations, we intend to make the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER unrivaled. The present, therefore, is a most favorable time for the renewal of old or the commencement of new subscriptions, as it is often impossible to obtain back numbers.

Abuse of Language.

We had occasion very recently to animadvert on the extravagance into which men are apt to be betrayed by what is often called the "inspiration of a crowd." If that extravagance took only the form of loud speech and vehement gesticulation, its effect would only be local and ephemeral. But when it takes the form of words which, from the position of the speaker or other circumstances, are all carefully caught up, written out, telegraphed abroad, and printed in a thousand newspapers, the evil done, whether to the speaker himself or the cause he advocates, becomes general and permanent. Reticence in a public man aspiring to position is politio; as an officer of State it is a duty. We all know that Henry Clay would have been President of the United States if he could have been induced to hold his tongue; and even Cass might have reached the same position if pen and ink had been kept out of his reach.

We do not mean to say that a Secretary of State or a President of the United States, whose conduct must be judged by the people, should be debarred from explaining or vindicating it in a form more popular than through messages and State papers. But we do mean to say that in a country where every speech from any such functionary is telegraphed everywhere, printed in every hamlet, and read by everybody, one carefully prepared and digested popular exposition is all that is needed. The ideas intended to be presented, when once put before the public, lose force and effect by reiteration, and are liable, from inadvertence on the part of the speaker, from excitement consequent on travel, the meeting of crowds, or from other causes more obvious, to be distorted by the speaker himself, and take a form of extravagance amounting to the monstrous.

A most conspicuous and melancholy example of the truth of what we say has been afforded during the late Presidential pilgrimage, in which the intelligence and moral sense of the North has been shocked by the frequent use of language which, if used in the literal sense or general significance, would imply a condition of things in the country more alarming and revolting than prevailed during the worst days of anarchy in France. If the President of the United States, who should never utter a word without deliberately weighing its significance, really believes that all the men who differ with him on a question of great difficulty and delicacy, who comprise more than two-thirds of Congress, who embrace the Governors of nine-tenths of all the loyal States, and three-fourths of the aggregate members of all the Legislatures of those States—if he really believes what he says, that they are "traitors," "trying to destroy the Union," then that conviction should be communicated to the country and the world with a solemnity becoming the momentousness of the announcement, and not shouted forth with passionate gesticulation in the face of a surging crowd, in answer to the insults of a drunken boor! In such case he should remain at his post at the Capital, and thence proclaim the terrible fact in such language as Washington would have used, in sad and earnest appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the

country. But the President does not mean what he says. He is using forms of expression unhappily too common among writers and speakers in the South, who mistake extravagance and hyperbole for force, and who have lost all just conception of the power and purport of words. That there is a large body of men differing from the President in his policy, who are vehement in their denunciation of it, and of him as, in their belief, a deserter from principles and measures to which they had supposed him attached, in common with themselves, there can be no doubt. But their dissent does not justify the heavy charge of treason from Presidential lips any more than their vituperation deserves notice from the Chief Executive of the nation.

We regret profoundly the recent Presidential trip. Mr. Johnson, as well as the American people, must bitterly blame those who planned and advised it. The dignity of the Presidential office has been lowered and the weakest side of Mr. Johnson's salient character unnecessarily exposed. The men who dragged him away from his post of duty knew better than any other equal number of men what were the faults and perils of the illustrious Tennessean. They knew how the opposition, the taunts and the sneers of the slave aristocracy of his region had greatly unsettled the equilibrium of a mind which, under other circumstances, might have been eminently judicial, and had given to natural earnestness a tendency to violence in action and extravagance of speech, which the exciting trials of the last four years had not contributed to diminish. It was their duty as friends and counselors, and as American citizens, charged in all ways with sustaining the national reputation, to have checked this tendency, and avoided instead of seeking opportunities for its exhibition. Earnest and disinterested friends advised Mr. Johnson to remain in the Capital, and, if requiring repose and recreation, to seek it somewhere else than among heated crowds and on rushing and suffocating railways. Could these be real friends who overruled that rational advice? Is it possible that their purpose was the opposite of that of the sons of Noah, and that, by facilitating political suicide, they should clear the way for personal preferment?

THERE are some very curious trade laws in Sweden. Women come of age at twenty-five, and after that age unmarried women may sell articles of their own making, while married women of good character, who can produce certificates of a sufficient knowledge of the Christian faith may carry on the trades of milliner, dealer in old clothes, market-woman, tobaccoist and seller of pins and small wares. A widow, a wife separated from her husband, or a spinster having Swedish citizenship, may sell articles made in her own workshop with the assistance of journeymen, apprentices, or other workmen, or carry on the business of baker, butcher, or brewer, provided she has partaken of the Holy Communion, bears a good character, and can read, write, and do the first rules of arithmetic. Hardly less singular is the regulation which prescribes that all clergymen must preach from one and the same text, every Sunday and holiday having its appointed verse of Scripture. Until 1860, year out and year in, the same set of texts were preached from year after year. Since then the number of appointed texts has been tripled, so that they now extend through three years, and then begin again.

THE Russian Government has published a most extraordinary account of the plot which culminated in the attempt to assassinate the Emperor Alexander. This plot—allowing for the exaggeration of the official style—was a Socialist one, and had for its objects the extirpation of the nobility, the redistribution of land, to be held in common, the extinction of religion, the annihilation of the idea of property. The first step to be taken was the murder of the Czar, and the conspirators included in their ranks many Poles, a great number of Russian students, and, we imagine, many peasants.

THE British Association opened its annual session at Nottingham on the 22d of August, Mr. W. R. Grove giving the inaugural address. It was a singularly striking one, his point being the "continuity of nature," which he illustrated, first of all, from astronomy, alleging that the old idea of vast blank spaces in the universe had been dispelled, science indicating bodies in our solar system varying in size from Jupiter, which is 1,240 times larger than the earth, to planets not larger than a pistol-bullet. All forces, he thought—light, heat and electricity—were modifications of each other, matter universally the same under different forms; geology the history of continuous slow changes, cataclysms being only supposed, to supply the deficiency of our knowledge.

A CLEVER writer in the London Builder wants experiments to be tried in the manufacture, or rather, the production of diamonds. He has a notion that diamonds might be made by the "subjection of carbon along with sulphite of carbon to galvanic action, in order to see whether the so galvanized sulphite would not dissolve an additional dose of the carbon, which might then be crystallized in its precipitation, on the gradual diminution and withdrawal of the galvanic action," and wishes chemists to try it. We wish they would try something a little more practical, and that is, the production of a glass which shall be fusible, colorless, but capable of color, but, when cold, as unbreakable as sapphire. That would be almost an invaluable contribution to architects' resources.

Is there a sovereign in Europe whose career is envied by humbler men, it surely cannot be the career of Francis Joseph I. of Austria. Keeping his thirty-sixth birthday a month ago, he could look back upon what? A reign of seventeen years as a mighty potentate, nearly every year of that long period being marked by some disaster, and not one marked by a genuine success. If the gods look kindly down upon a brave man struggling with adversity, their most encouraging smiles must fall upon the head of this descendant of the Kaisers. It has been his hard fate that the accumulating bills of hundreds of years fell due in his time, and that he has been called upon to pay, under penalties, the debts incurred by his house to humanity. He could not pay, and execution has at length followed judgment given long ago—execution in part, not altogether, for there has not yet been a receipt in full. Italy and Germany have got something of what was owed, not all; but Hungary, so cruelly used, and Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, the many races in the valleys of the Danube, these have yet to be paid. It has been very hard on Francis Joseph; but the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, even unto the third and fourth generation. Nothing in Holy Writ, or out of it, is truer.

EARL RUSSEL, since his retirement from the Premiership of Great Britain, has amused himself in delivering lectures and addresses. The following morsel is from his address before the Devon Association for the advancement of Science and Art. It is worthy of the most Celtic of Celts. Speaking of historians:

"Of living historians, although Macaulay and Prescott have passed away, we still have Carlyle and Froude."

THAT cholera is a poison, or, however it may originate, is propagated by a poison contained, in its most virulent forms, in the excretions of the cholera patient, is now the accepted theory as regards that disease, which is made the basis of its treatment. If you have a cholera patient casting forth the excretions of that disease into the air, and if those excretions are not deodorized and disinfected, you will have generated by that individual an atmosphere into which persons entering will be likely to contract cholera. This is certain, and it gives the key to the fact that removal from a locality sopped through and soaked through with cholera evacuations, and constituting thus a concentrated atmosphere of infective matters, to a locality as yet unimpregnated with cholera fomes, arrests the disease. By such "a march of a few miles" you leave all the mass of undisinfected matters behind you; and camping your men out in liberally interspaced tents, if any man is taken with cholera, the sphere which the exhalations from him will fill is less likely to have other men within its periphery than it would were he in a roofed barrack, a crowded tenement house, or the close cells of a "public institution."

COL. J. M. SANDERSON, of Philadelphia, formerly of the New York Club and of the Franklin House, in the first-named city, has been installed manager of the Langham Hotel, in Portland place—one of the two handsomest houses in London—an item that traveling Americans may be glad to know.

TOWN GOSSIP.

OF late years the seasons seem to be knocked into a kind of meteorological pi, a climatic conglomerate, that breaks up all our old notions of system and order, and interferences sadly with many of the favorite usages of society. Formerly, when it was December, we expected cold and snow, and prepared our sleighs, and bells, and robes, our skates, and nuts, and other good things; and when it was July we knew it would be hot, and that in a little while the rule of the fiery dog-star would begin, when we would put the word hot through all the degrees of comparison, and then feel that Lindsey Murray had very meager notions of the power of adjectives; but now we may need overcoats and furs in midsummer, and open windows and thin apparel when we would expect the thermometer to be gently dialling with zero. Last month, for instance, was deliciously cool and balmy and enjoyable—in the country the temperature was almost too hyperborean; but no sooner does September make its advent than all is changed, and instead of the pure breath of Autumn, we have the sultry, stifling, oppressive air of Midsummer. There is evidently some hitch in the arrangements that give us our seasons, and instead of the four the orthodox school-books used to assign as the quantum sufficient of human possession, we have the number increased by a very considerable multiple. But all our lives we have been accustomed to do certain things at certain times, and we cannot easily forego the habit; so, with the beginning of the fall month, business men, who had been rusticated, hurried back to their counting-rooms;—churches that had no audience but the sexton for several weeks, were thrown open with their accustomed services, and everywhere the disposition was manifest to rush on without pause in the mad race for pleasure, wealth, and fame. Business waits not for seasons, and business just now is exceedingly brisk. The sidewalks are barricaded with boxes of goods, the streets filled with loaded drays, the hotels crowded with merchants, who come to the metropolis to replenish their stocks and lay in their supplies.

The growth of New York is clearly manifest in the entire revolution in the character of certain parts of the city that has been effected by the increase of business. A few years ago, Broadway, below the Park, was occupied mainly by dry-goods men; now it is devoted exclusively to banks, insurance companies, and offices of various kinds. From the Park to Canal street, the finest retail stores were formerly found; now the wholesale dealers occupy the whole ground and several of the parallel streets. Sections that a short time since were given over to the lowest dens of dissipation, now present rows of splendid warehouses, and are the marts of busy trade. A similar change is taking place in every part of the city, and in a few years the entire island will be an unbroken array of streets and buildings for residences and business.

A few days ago Mr. Barnard, of panoramas fame, commenced the erection of a grand museum, on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth street. The cornerstone was laid by the Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity with the imposing ceremonies peculiar to

the order of the Masons, and the ceremony was performed by the Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity, who was assisted by the Grand Lodge of the city. The ceremony was a most interesting one, and was attended by a large number of the most prominent citizens of the city. The Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity, who was assisted by the Grand Lodge of the city, performed the ceremony with the most imposing ceremonies peculiar to the order of the Masons. The ceremony was a most interesting one, and was attended by a large number of the most prominent citizens of the city. The Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity, who was assisted by the Grand Lodge of the city, performed the ceremony with the most imposing ceremonies peculiar to the order of the Masons. The ceremony was a most interesting one, and was attended by a large number of the most prominent citizens of the city. 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the order. Several pertinent addresses were made, and the invited guests were treated to a sumptuous collation, which they appeared only to appreciate. Mr. Barnard proposes to establish an institution worthy of our city, and entirely different in its scope and plan from anything heretofore attempted in this country.

There will be cabinets of natural history, mineralogy, etc.; halls of statuary and painting, a course of scientific experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy, with several other novel and interesting features, which will render the museum a place of great attraction. The building, which is to be of brick, four stories high, will have a frontage of eighty-five feet, and a depth of two hundred feet. Commodious balconies will project from each story, and an ornamental observatory will surmount the whole.

One of the institutions of New York that was a point of attraction for all strangers, and conspicuous for its wonders of gilding, its meretricious display of gaudy colors and dazzling mirrors, and its abundance of rude, barbaric splendor, has disappeared from our thoroughfare, very much to the satisfaction of sensible people. We refer to the once famous Taylor's saloon, which has been converted into an express office.

Another cashier who had too free access to the funds of his bank, has yielded to the weakness of spending money not his own, and become a defaulter to a large amount. The gaming-table proved his ruin, but the directors of the bank, that allowed any one officer to have immense sums of money in his hands, without requiring a full reckoning, are hardly less reprehensible than the poor victim who has been caught in the toils of rogues without having principle enough to resist their wiles.

The interest with which the President's tour is watched, and the remarkable character of his numerous speeches attract attention, in a measure, from the royal Southern Convention in Philadelphia. Could this body have met two years ago, they would have been hailed with joy throughout the North, but we have forgotten their sacrifices and sufferings, and await impatiently the result of their deliberations. If Conventions can avail anything for the public welfare, the country certainly is not a more important question now than it will be the people vote in the approaching elections? Vermont has given her verdict already, and everything indicates an exciting political campaign. Parties in the city have not yet begun to marshal their forces, but in a few days we will have all the devices of political management paraded in full display, and we shall have occasion to draw upon them freely for items in our gossip column.

The theatres commenced their usual season on the 24th, but there has been little to note worthy of praise. Mr. Jefferson made his appearance in a very dismal version of "The Black and White," which was so cleverly managed that Mr. Siddart carried off the chief honors, an act of political justice pleasing to all sensible people who are tired of those pretentious nobodies called "stars," who are more anxious to display their own important egotism than to amuse the audience. This absurd auto-criticism of dramatic display ought to be laughed off the stage. When we see such finished actors as Blake and Davidge is not ashamed to be considered stock actors, it is ludicrous to contemplate some of our would-be stars who fume their very little ability away on the metropolitan boards, and will not appear without they have a whole play to themselves.

A fair correspondent, who, in passing down Pearl street from Broadway, last week, had to turn into the mud, owing to the "drygoods ruffians" having blocked up the path at that part with their cases, bore witness to the attention of Mr. Kennedy to that abominable outrage and nuisance. She says: "It is no use speaking to the policeman on duty there, for when I called his attention to it he said nothing, but looked very sheepishly toward a larger bier house opposite." We wish our genial and respected friend, Inspector Leonard, would take a walk down Pearl street some fine morning, and send "Black Maria" to treat both masters and men with a ride to Blackwell's Island. A month's hard study in that famous college of manners would leave them wiser if not better men.

The Caledonian Club held their tenth annual games in Jones' Wood on the 6th, and the fineness of the day gave great zest to the fight. Robertson's band and the pipes of the club were there. The sports were inaugurated with an old-fashioned Scotch reel, after which the national games were commenced, and continued through all the mysteries of heavy stone, light stone, standing jump, heavy hammer, light hammer, Highland fling, glin sling, and then the very appropriate sport of the three-legged race, which is played that, after "flings and slings," two legs will not support a genuine Highlander.

Among the signs of the time is the fact that our great metropolis is carrying its trade refinements from Broadway to the fashionable summer resorts. Boston has established a first-class hotel at Long Branch, Leland has done the same for Saratoga, and now our fashionable store-keepers are doing the same thing. Edwin Brooks has established himself vis-a-vis to Leland's hotel at Saratoga. We shall soon have a miniature Broadway in all our fashionable watering-places.

Messrs. Hoyt & Draper are rendering acceptable service to the lovers of music at the French Theatre, by their versions of "Il Bribere" and other operas. Carl Fornes, Tamaro, Orlandini, and Madame Boschetti are the leading artists. Apropos of the latter, there was a disappointment on Friday night, when "Il Trovatore" was announced, but "Martha" performed—all in consequence of a disagreement between the fair cantatrice and a black velvet gown, which would not fit her. Let us warn the tuncful lady that when the (mountain) milliner wouldn't go to the (McMahon) prima donna, the prima donna ought to have swallowed her dignified camlet, and gone to the milliner—rather than disappointed the public. As the dramatic critic of the Herald sings—

"Oh! fairest Boschetti,
Your behavior wasn't pretty."

Among the pleasant events of the week has been a visit from an old friend, though still young man, G. W. Childs, the great Philadelphia publisher. This reminds us that his daily paper, the *Public Ledger*, the leading journal of the rectangular village, still maintains its unparalleled career of prosperity, having already doubled its circulation and advertising since it has been in Mr. Childs's hands. Those who are interested in the life of a self-made man will find a life-like portrait and corroborative biography of this popular publisher in No. 71 of *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, published on the 24th of September. Apropos, the same number commences a new romance, and every purchaser of No. 71 is entitled to a superb gift plate, called "Home Again."

BOOK NOTICES.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Loxing: G. W. Childs. 1866.

To have Childs for a publisher is half a success, as it is a guarantee of that solid excellence, which sooner or later must achieve popularity. He has now in course of publication two works of such national importance that few men would have the courage and ability to engage at the same time in such costly enterprises. Mr. Childs is one of those very few publishers, who, when satisfied of the merit of a work, does not look for an immediate return of his capital. We more especially allude to "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors," and "Loxing's Illustrated History of the late Rebellion." The former will be completed in two volumes, and the latter in three. He has already issued one volume of the "Dictionary of Authors," and the second and concluding one will be published toward the close of the present year. It will undoubtedly be the most comprehensive encyclopedia of literary life and labor ever given to the world. But our present notice relates to the initial volume of "Loxing's History of the Rebellion," which is an admirable condensation of all that is known of that wonderful period, and a correct delineation of the events of that awful conflict, illustrated by the pen and pencil of almost every artist in America. Mr. Loxing takes the view we have maintained from the first, as our readers well know, that the rebellion, however wide-spread and bloody it might be, was the work of a few ambitious men, who, for selfish purposes, and without the shadow of an excuse, conspired to ruin

since they could not rule. Hence, this first volume is doubly valuable as being a biographical history of all the chief actors—Confederate and Union—engaged in the most tremendous struggle the world ever saw. The work contains the portraits of the prominent men of both parties, views and plans of battle-ground, head-quarters, camps, and weapons and ships of war, forts, arsenals, medals of honor, military costumes, and every variety of objects. In brief, next to having been an attentive and intelligent spectator of the conduct of the four darkest years in our history, we cannot conceive any better method of becoming acquainted with its details than is supplied by the book before us. Mr. Childs has brought it out in his usual excellent style, making it a model of typographical and pictorial beauty. When finished, this Pictorial History of the Great Civil War in America will be invaluable to the students of American history.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Farmers, residing a few miles south of St. Joseph (Mo.), represent the frost, on the morning of August 21, so thick on the fences that they could write their names legibly in it. Not a week previously the thermometer in that region indicated a temperature of 100 degrees, and even higher.

Representative Pike, of Calais, Me., has forwarded \$300 to Mayor Stevens, of Portland, for the relief of the sufferers by the fire. In an accompanying note he says: "It is part of the extra compensation that Congress so foolishly voted its members after I left."

The Ottawas, a tribe of partially civilized Indians, are erecting a university for the education of Indians in Kansas. Their Chief, John Jones, is a thoroughly educated man, and is the leader in the enterprise, and associated with him are several other gentlemen, including Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, the Government Indian agent for the Ottawas. By a treaty consummated two or three years since, the Ottawas gave twenty thousand acres of land from the centre of their rich reservation for the establishment of this University.

An engineer employed in a mill in Philadelphia made an experiment on Saturday last of a somewhat perilous nature. He had been told that a steel spring might be effectually tempered if, while red-hot, it were immersed in petroleum. He heated the wire of steel, and plunged it into a bucketful of coal oil. The result was an explosion; and the flames fast spreading toward the room, the astonished and partly burnt engineer set the donkey-engine to work, and, adjusting the hose, the fire was soon extinguished.

A company has been formed in California for the purpose of digging a tunnel in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and through it conveying the waters of Lake Tahoe to the channel of a stream, and so across the valleys to San Francisco. It is designed also to supply a dozen interior towns as well as the larger city with water of great purity, the miners with water for carrying on their work during the dry season, and irrigate thousands of acres of land that are now unproductive.

The improvements at the Naval School, Annapolis, are rapidly progressing, under the auspices of Admiral David D. Porter, the superintendent of that institution. Already the work of enclosing the property, including the Government mansion purchased by the United States under an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, has commenced, and it is supposed will be finished in the course of two months.

The sculling match for \$2,000 and the championship of America, between Walter Brown and Joshua Ward, will take place in Portland harbor, Sept. 12. Both contestants are in vigorous training, and Brown is spending his spare time in making boats. He has completed one only twelve inches wide, and is going to build another an inch narrower.

A cripple soldier, of Iowa, while lately exhibiting a panoramic view of the death-bed scene of Abraham Lincoln, of T-llelland, Keokuk County, was mobbed by a gang of ruffians.

Advices from Georgia, received at the Freedmen's Bureau, lately, state that the cotton crop looks well, but is menaced by the caterpillar, which has already begun to hatch in great numbers.

Thirty-eight fires occurred in Cairo during the past year, involving a loss of \$405,000. The total loss by fire for the preceding six years was \$618,000. About half the losses were covered by insurance.

A letter from General Kiddo, Assistant Commissioner for Taxes, states that Texas will yield a larger cotton crop than any previous year, not excepting the immense yield of 1860.

Advices from Lawtonville, S. C., state that the cotton crop is stunted, but may yield fairly if rain falls soon.

General Robinson, commanding in North Carolina, has promulgated the findings of the military commission by which Major John H. Gee, late commandant of the Salisbury rebel military prison, was tried. There were two charges against him: violation of the laws and customs of war, and murder in violation of the laws of war, and he was acquitted of both. The commission attaches no responsibility to Major Gee, other "than for weakness in retaining position when unable to carry out the dictates of humanity." General Robinson in approving the finding, takes exception to the view that Major Gee was only to blame for this "weakness," and expresses the belief that he had it in his power to relieve much of the suffering of the prisoners under his charge.

In a communication to the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, Mr. J. P. Lesley states, that from facts collected in Eastern Kentucky, he is further confirmed in opinion that the coal measures are the source of the springs and wells of petroleum which have there been recently opened. The plants of the Great Conglomerate, he remarks, have been converted into thick oil, which reaches the surface by horizontal drainage over the water-bearing shales of the false or lower coal measures. There is still another "horizon," or deposit of oil, but that is far down in the Devonian series. Mr. Lesley mentions further, that he has seen "petroleum trickling from Upper Silurian limestones at Cape Gaspe, Canada East, the surface of the limestone bed being almost covered with the vestiges of coralline fossils, coralline, bivalves and trilobites."

The Cincinnati City Railroads, in their attempt to increase their rate of fare illegally, as is alleged, are meeting with strenuous opposition from the citizens. Large mass meetings have been held, and a determination shown to compel the roads to adhere to their contracts. Matters have taken such shape that a special meeting of the City Council has been called to consider and, if possible, adjust the difficulty.

Secretary Harlan in retiring from the Department of the Interior, was presented with a service of silver and an autograph album. Judge J. M. Edwards, whose official connection with the Land Office also closed, was presented with a silver ice-cream bucket and four silver goblets, together with a full set of the "American Cyclopaedia," handsomely bound.

A decision has been rendered by Judge Williams in the District Court in Pittsburgh, Pa., affirming the constitutionality of the Act of the General Assembly, which provides for the payment of three hundred dollars to every person who enlisted in the army as a volunteer, credited to any District, and who did not receive any bounty at the time of enlistment.

At a picnic of a Sabbath School, on Presque Isle, near Toledo, a party consisting of five young persons crossed the river in a small boat, and while attempting to return to the island the boat swamped, and all but one, aged fifteen, were drowned.

Foreign.—A good anecdote is related of the French Emperor's departure from Vichy. His first *coût de chambre*, Leon, has been in his service since the Emperor was quite a young man, having been placed about his person by Queen Marie-Anne. His devoted attachment to his master is well-known. As the Emperor was leaving Vichy, he called to Leon, and having handed a sealed packet to him, told him the parcel contained the title-deeds of the chalet and grounds he had just

quitted, and which the Emperor has inhabited during his successive visits. "You are a landlord now," said his master to Leon, "and I hope you will accept me next year as your tenant, at the rate of twenty thousand francs rent. I shall pay regularly."

Underground traveling increases at a surprising rate in London. In the first six months of 1863, the number of passengers conveyed on the Metropolitan line was 4,823,437; in 1864, for the same period, it was 4,397,335; in 1865, it was 7,462,833; but in the first half of the present year it rose to 10,303,393. The revenue has correspondingly increased; in the first of the four periods it was \$33,058; in the last, the sum amounted to £102,947.

Mr. Sale, the blind inventor of the method of making powder incombustible, has now invented a gun, which is said to be more simple and rapid than any previous breech-loader. Instead of revolvers he uses slides, each to hold a certain number of cartridges—say ten each; ten slides will hold a hundred, and these may be fired in a minute. With a boy to fill the slides, a man could fire six thousand shots an hour, and, by taking good aim, put that number of the enemy *hors de combat*. Ten men, with as many boys, would thus be equal to an army of sixty thousand, and a hundred might kill off the whole French army, if they would only stand still at a proper distance, and not fire back or otherwise impolitely interrupt the proceedings. Mr. Sale proposes to adapt his slides to artillery, and by firing a series of shots with great rapidity, he hopes to batter the strongest Monitor into small bits with bolts of very moderate dimensions.

The Emperor of Austria is the hardest worked man in his empire. He rises every morning before five o'clock, visits the encampment in the Prater and at Floridsdorf, returns about seven to the Hofburg, receives ministers at eight, pays and receives official visits till one, when a full Privy Council is held every day, and in the afternoon visits the hospitals, etc., and transacts an endless variety of administrative duties.

Telegraph poles in South Australia are made of mahogany, because other wood will not stand the climate and burial in the ground.

A discovery of an important character is said to have been made in France, which will enable us to pass over the silkworm and go direct to the mulberry-tree for our supply of silk. In the bark of the tree a fine textile substance exists, and M. Brunet has succeeded in reducing this to the fineness, durability and general appearance of silk. He is buying up bark for the purpose of producing large quantities of this new kind of silk.

The inhabitants of Sydney have resolved to erect a monument in their town to commemorate the discovery of their country by Captain Cook. The monument is to be completed in 1870, in which year precisely one century will have elapsed since the discovery of New South Wales by the English navigator.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has announced as the subject of the prize poem for the ensuing year, "The Death of Abraham Lincoln."

The grave of Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey has recently been marked by placing over it a large slab of reddish-gray granite, the surface of which is highly polished and incised with a floriated cross, enclosed by a border of double-lines; between the last is an inscription in Gothic characters, giving the title and name of the deceased, and the date of his death; this writing fills one side only of the slab.

By a return recently made and published by order of the Metropolitan Board of Works, it appears that 46,878 houses in London have been renumbered, 2,110 names of streets, etc., abolished, and 824 new names approved. The confusion of London street nomenclature has been thus far abated, and more than 1,200 repetitions of names have vanished for ever. These include Victoria, Albert, Royal, Crown, King, George, Mary, Park, Prospect, and other fancy titles, in a proportion that is gratifying to notice.

TO A RIVER.

DARK spirit, oh, listen! thou that fiercely flowest,
So fierce and so impatient to be gone:
Is it fear, or some wild vengeance drive thee on?
Or doth the fiend of madness drive thee on?
Nay—for that story heart has been my own—
Thou art full of glorious passion from the hills,
And in thy strength goest forth to conquer ill,
Not thinking how thou must be overthrown.
Yet chafe not, noble River! nor seek to mend
God's purpose in thee and thine own far end,
Lest those proud waves o'erflow in sluggish mire:
His be the grief who would not brook control,
Within whose heart has ceased the great desire,
And stagnant are the waters of his soul.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

CHICAGO witnessed an impressive scene on the 6th inst., when more than twenty thousand American citizens, with their Chief Magistrate and prominent members of his council, assembled to participate in the imposing ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of a monument to perpetuate the fame of the great statesman and patriot, Stephen A. Douglas. The Government buildings, the banks, and the leading business houses were closed, and the public attention wholly directed to the duties of the occasion.

The grounds upon which the monument is to stand, and where the ceremonies were conducted, are situated about three miles from the city, in a south-easterly direction, directly on the margin of Lake Michigan, and are considered the most beautiful and attractive around the great Western Metropolis.

About ten o'clock an immense procession, consisting of the Masonic fraternity, the President of the United States and suite, various benevolent societies, the military, and a great concourse of citizens, commenced the line of march toward the grave of the honored statesman. All along the line of march the streets were thronged with people, who had gathered at all available points to view the spectacle, and the buildings were handsomely decorated with flags, and in numerous instances portraits of the lamented Douglas were conspicuously displayed. As the procession neared the grounds, the crowd cheered lustily as the President and suite passed along, while at the entrance a delegation of Knights Templars stood in open order, admitting the body of the procession between their lines.

At this junction the barricade erected on the west side of the inclosure was removed, and the immense crowd of visitors rushed in, so that in a few moments the grounds were densely filled with human beings. Every available foot of space was occupied. The first movement that attracted universal attention was the entrance of the Presidential party, who passed in on foot, and were loudly cheered. They were preceded by the orator of the day, General Dix, the Committee of Arrangements and Mayor Rice. President Johnson and Secretary Seward walked together arm in arm. Then came General Grant and Admiral Farragut. Then followed Postmaster-General Randall, Secretary Welles, General Ouster, Rousseau, Meade, Steedman, and other distinguished guests, military and civilian. These gentlemen quickly ascended the speakers' stand, and the interesting ceremony of laying the corner-stone commenced. The first in the course of the proceedings was a few appropriate and eloquent remarks by Mayor Rice. The Masonic Grand Master of Illinois, J. R. Gwin, then appeared in front of the stand, and delivered a short,

touching and eloquent address, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the illustrious deceased, and spoke of the Masonic Order at some length. After this the Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order invoked the Divine blessing upon the ceremony. During the course of the prayer almost every one of the thousands who were present stood with his head uncovered, and a solemn stillness reigned among the vast concourse.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer of the Masonic Order, M. M. Noice, proceeded to deposit in the cavity of the stone left for this purpose the customary coins, documents and other mementoes of the present time.

At this stage of the proceedings a salute was fired from the guns of the United States revenue cutter *Andy Johnson*, which was lying at anchor in the lake, a short distance from the grounds. After the mementoes had been placed in their proper place, one of the bands played a solemn dirge, and, whilst the strains of sacred music were floating on the air, the corner-stone was lowered into its future resting-place. It was settled into position by means of ropes and tackling which had been erected for the purpose.

At the close of the ceremonies an eloquent address was delivered by Gen. John A. Dix, the orator of the day. When General Dix had concluded, the President was loudly called upon and responded very briefly, and was followed by Secretary Seward in a short speech.

Mr. Seward's speech terminated the ceremonies, and immediately after the crowd dispersed.

The Knights Templars made an imposing display, more than seven thousand being in the procession.

LOYAL SOUTHERN CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

DURING the war there were many men at the South who maintained their allegiance to the Government and refused to participate in the mad and wicked schemes of the disaffected. This course involved no slight personal peril; they were suspected, arrested, imprisoned, often put to death; or if they escaped such a fate, it was only by leaving their homes and seeking concealment in the forests and mountains. True to the inspirations of enlightened patriotism, they endured all things for their country's sake. These men, by their delegates, met in convention in Philadelphia on the 3d inst., to confer with their Northern friends, and pledge anew their devotion to the Union for which they had already sacrificed so much. Delegates were present from nearly every Southern State, and the Convention was organized by the appointment of Mr. Thomas J. Durant, of Louisiana, as temporary Chairman. The whole number of delegates whose credentials were accepted was three hundred and ninety-two. Hon. James Speed, of Kentucky, was chosen permanent President, with one Vice-President and Secretary from each State.

The delegates from the Northern States organized as a separate body, awaiting the invitation of the Southern Convention to unite with them in council, and leaving them wholly untrammelled in their deliberations. A striking feature in connection with the Convention was the oration to the Southern delegates on Wednesday night, which was one of the grandest popular demonstrations every made in the city. Processions from all the wards, with torchlights and banners, met in front of the League House, filling up the entire space between Chestnut and Walnut streets with a closely packed mass of enthusiastic spectators. The League House was brilliantly illuminated and festooned; and from the opposite side of the street a battery of fireworks kept up a constant discharge of rockets, candles and other pyrotechnics. Bands of music, playing patriotic airs, heightened the interest of the scene.

From several stands speeches were made by Senator Harlan, General Butler, John M. Botts, and several others. Our illustration gives a view of the imposing spectacle.

PETROLEUM FORMED FROM SEA-WEED.—This theory of the formation of rock-oil has recently been advanced by Professor Wilbur, of Hamilton, Canada West. His idea is that the petroleum has had its source in marine vegetation, just as coal has been derived from terrestrial plants. Few persons have any adequate idea of the immense growth of sea-weeds in the depths of the ocean. It had been shown that sea-weeds had in their composition a large amount of oily, carbonaceous matter. After their term of life was fulfilled, they became detached, floated off, and finally sank to the bottom. Now, it was a received opinion among geologists that this portion of the North American continent had once been the bed of a salt-water ocean. The ocean-floor, as must be remembered, was not level by any means, but had throughout its whole extent deep hollows and rising ridges. It was, of course, in these deep hollows that these sea-weed deposits would find their last resting-place, after long tossing about in the waves and ocean currents. In this way it would come to pass that they would not be evenly distributed over the bottom, but only in those hollows or pockets. Meanwhile the deposit of solid stratified rock, or what afterward became such, was going on, and after untold ages these masses of sea-weed became covered to various depths. He considered it no very unreasonable or unscientific supposition, that these masses of oily, carbonaceous matter should, under circumstances, take the form of oil, of a liquid hydrocarbon. They had seen that oil existed in and was distilled from coal, which was conceded to be the remains of terrestrial vegetation. There was, therefore, nothing violent in the supposition that petroleum, so the fossil coal oil in its properties, has been formed from marine vegetation. The vegetable origin of both, he contended, was indubitable.

WOMEN.—Theodore Parker, in one of his sermons uttered the following remarks touching women: "There are three classes of women. First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their housekeeping and child-rearing. Their house-keeping is a trade, and no more; and, after they have done that, there is no more they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year. Next there are domestic dolls, who are taken up with the vain show that delights the eye and ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris, Nuremberg, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main and other toy-shops of Europe, out of wax, papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdashery by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their functions as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womanhood. But there are domestic women, who over a house, and are not mere drudges—do not it, and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their functions as house-keeper, wife and mother."

THE LATE DR. LATHROP.—John H. Lathrop, LL.D., president of the University of the State of Missouri, died at Columbus, Mo., August 2, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. President Lathrop was born in Sherburne, Chenango county, N. Y. He graduated at Yale College, and was a tutor at that institution for four years and a half. In 1826 he was admitted to the bar. He was a teacher in several schools, and from 1826 to 1840 was a professor at Hamilton College. He was president at different times of several colleges at the West. He was greatly honored by those who knew him intimately.

THE HANLON BROTHERS.

We take pleasure in presenting in the present number truthful likenesses of George, William and Alfred Hanlon, the universally acknowledged exponents of the art Gymnastique, which, until their arrival in this country from Cuba some ten years ago, was almost entirely dormant. It is a fact worthy of notice, and one but little known, that their ambition for gymnastics and their intention of making it a profession were created during their first visit to America, and the old Crosby street gymnasium claims the honor of coating them with their first muscle, on which foundation they have built their world-wide fame.

The brothers George, William and Alfred Hanlon, are twenty-eight, twenty-six and twenty-four years of age, respectively, and are not, as might be supposed by some, of herculean proportions as to build, but are of lithe, compact and graceful form—Alfred (who has received the sobriquet of "Young Hickory"), the largest, weighing but 138 lbs.; George's weight, 115 lbs., while that of William is 128 lbs., and in this fact no better argument in favor of daily and constant exercise could be found. With naught but the ordinary gifts of nature, they have, by their indomitable energy, pluck and perseverance, become masters of the art, and raised up such a formidable barricade of extraordinary acts, that they have gained for themselves a reputation that extends throughout the world. Who that has seen "the three flying men of the air" has not held his breath as these intrepid brothers performed their evolutions in mid-air, trusting at times to their correctness of judgment in gauging to an inch the precise locality of a brother's outstretched hands after a somersault from the hands of the other brother? Mr. William Hanlon is the inventor of this thrilling feat, which is considered by all who have ever seen it, the very acme of gymnastic excellence and daring. Recently, at the West, they have achieved triumphs sufficient to satisfy the greatest lovers of fame, winning the affections of their audiences as well by their accomplished manners as their gymnastic skill.

We understand that a shrewd and well-known Australian manager has offered them an engagement for six months at the seemingly liberal figure of \$26,000, expenses there and return via Europe, but even this is not a sufficient inducement, so widely popular have they become in this country. Since their advent, the cause of muscular development has gained a new interest, and our people, as a class, are doing more justice to themselves, and are preparing the youth of our land to live longer, more useful and happier lives. The subject of physical education has begun to be a matter of importance, and though we may never rear such brilliant gymnasts as these acknowledged champions of the art, still, it is impossible to witness in them the perfection to which the human frame can be brought, without stimulating every one to a desire to make the most of what physique nature has given us.

WHY are conundrums like monkeys? Because they are far-fetched and troublesome.



THE HANLON BROTHERS—WILLIAM, GEORGE AND ALFRED.

OUR BASE BALL Illustrations.

We this week present our Base Ball readers with a portrait of the noted pitcher of the National Club of Washington, Mr. W. F. Williams. The National Club of Washington is the "Champion Club of the South," a title given to it from the fact of its being the strongest club south of Philadelphia. The National began play as early as May, 1859, but did not organize themselves into a club until the following November, and the same year they became members of the National Association. Since then the club has steadily increased in numbers, playing strength and position, until now it stands second to none in the country.

Mr. Williams, though but twenty-two years of age, has graduated with



W. F. WILLIAMS, NATIONAL B. B. CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.

collegiate honors, he having been a student at Georgetown College, and is now engaged in the study of law. As a ball-player, he began his career as pitcher of the Pythian Club of Washington, one of the junior organizations of that city, from whence he entered the National Club in 1861, and since then has occupied the position of pitcher of the National nine. Mr. Williams's prominent physical attributes as a player is his great strength of arm, his speed in delivery being the feature of his pitching. He has a peculiar style of delivery, sending in the ball while in a stooping position, his aim being to deliver the ball so as to make it rise from his hand to the bat. As a fielder, in his position, he has no superior, facing the swiftest balls unflinchingly, and

that there are other parts of the harness equally objectionable, and that should at once be discarded. It is difficult to conceive why we should blind our horses, as if we were afraid of them, or why their gearings should be made like a strait-jacket, allowing the least possible facility of movement. The horse is not a mass of insensate matter, but a docile, intelligent animal, that can appreciate kind treatment, and will never display his best traits except under gentle and prudent guidance. Our ignorance in these matters has made us unjust; and, since attention has been turned in this direction, we hope soon to see a decided reform in our conduct toward the best of our servants.

GLIMPSES AT THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU.

We present in this paper two illustrations of the practical working of the Freedman's Bureau, that show what it is accomplishing, and point out the necessity of the work it has undertaken. Many of the former slaves were in no condition to provide for themselves, and nearly all of them were ignorant, and needed instruction and guidance. While the Bureau takes care of the most destitute, and saves them from perishing, its main object is to put the colored people in the way of helping themselves, so that they will become independent of outside aid.

One of the methods employed for this end is giving instruction in plain sewing to poor women who have no means of support. This instruction is given in the



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—CHECK-REIN, MARTINGALE AND BLINDERS.



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—WITHOUT CHECK-REIN, BLINDERS, COLLAR OR MARTINGALE.

being very sure on the catch. In batting, too, he has frequently succeeded in making the finest hits—witness the one made in the contest with the Unions at Morrisania.

His pluck and endurance is another striking feature of his play. In the game with the Liberty Club of New Brunswick, in July, he actually played his position while having the use of but one hand, and by his pitching, and also batting, did valuable service in the game. Quiet and unobtrusive in manner; always the gentleman, even in the most exciting period of the game; an earnest worker in support of his club and the National Game at large, Mr. Williams is one of those players who are alike a credit to themselves and the clubs they are members of.

In this connection it will not be out of place to mention the name of the President of the National Club—Mr. A. F. Gorman—as one of those gentlemen who have, by their energy and perseverance, and liberality in using their pecuniary means, done so much to promote the popularity and welfare of our National Game.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In No. 569 of our paper we gave some examples of unsuspected cruelty to the noblest of our domestic animals, in the absurd practice of tying down his head with the check-rein and impeding the free use of his neck and limbs. Our illustrations this week show

Union Indu-
kinds are ma-
among the pe-
or creed. Th-
Chase, assist-
intend the w-
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tickets are in
the strictest



GLIMPSES AT THE FREEDMEN—THE FREEDMEN'S UNION INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JAS. E. TAYLOR.

Union Industrial School, where garments of various kinds are made, and afterward distributed gratuitously among the poor in the vicinity without regard to color or creed. The school is under the control of Mr. T. C. Chase, assisted by two ladies, who apportion and superintend the work.

From an apartment in the Winder building ration tickets are issued, every Monday, to the old and sick, the strictest care being taken that none but the really

deserving shall receive these benefactions. Some months ago one thousand tickets were issued weekly, but the number has since been reduced to about three hundred. After receiving their tickets, the parties take them to another building, and obtain whatever articles are named on their certificates. This business is in charge of Mr. R. Bloss, formerly of Troy, New York. In a few weeks the operations of the Bureau will be entirely suspended, orders having been given by the Government to that effect.

BET SUGAR IN EUROPE.—The rapid increase in the production of beet sugar is seen by the following: In 1827, the product in France was only 1,000 tons; in 1837 it had reached 39,000 tons; in 1856, 150,000 tons; and by a late arrival the estimated product is 250,000 tons. In Belgium and Austria, the increase has been equally rapid, the former having trebled her yield in the last fifteen years, and the latter having increased in twenty years from 8,000 to 85,000 tons. The increase in

all the countries of Europe since 1828 has been from the small aggregate of 7,000 tons to a total in 1856 of 538,500 tons—which is something more than one-half of the total annual consumption of sugar in all Europe. The experiment of making sugar from the beet in this country, thus far, we believe, has been confined to Ohio and Illinois. In the latter State, the experiment is still in progress on quite an extensive scale; result to be announced at the close of this season. The beet can be grown in any part of the United States, and the manufacture is not difficult.



GLIMPSES AT THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU—ISSUING RATIONS TO THE OLD AND SICK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JAS. E. TAYLOR.

EUOLINE.

BY HAROLD HENGE.

An angel was tearing the battlements o'er,
Arranging a garland of sweet asphodels,
When, joyful to tell of, one bud of his store
Fell tenderly down where all misery dwells.

A spirit was sleeping upon the cold shore,
Where mutely the infinite breaks upon Time—
A spirit who loved me, no spirit could more,
No woman who loves with the love of our clime.

Oh, tenderly down on her crystalline cheek
The bud fell the angel had gathered above,
And the joy that she felt was a wonder to speak—
She knew that the angel had smiled on her love!

Wild were our wishes, and sad was the truth,
When with the sweet summer she trippingly
Came;
I asked her to give me her beauty and youth,
Her bosom aint with its beautiful shame.

So low was her answer, I scarce could it hear,
All humbly I knelt and I wept with despair,
Then read all my wish in a smile and a tear,
And, oh, how we loved ere the winter came there!

When, woeful to tell of, my darling waxed pale,
And died in my arms when the harsh winds
Were rife:

The bud that she spoke of when tolling her tale
I knew was the flower we mortals call Life.

ARCHIBALD PRUDHOMME'S
CONFESSION.

WHEN I came home from Yale I found that my mother's grim old waiting-maid, Nancy Hodgkins, who all my life had been a part of the household, had succumbed at last to time and rheumatism, and given place to a rosy-cheeked lassie, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who had consented to "live out a bit," in order to make up a little dowry against the period of her marriage with a stalwart young mechanic of the place.

Nancy, poor soul, had retired upon her savings, and my mother bemoaned the fact with many tears. "She was a friend rather than a servant, Archy," she would say. "And you cannot imagine how I hated to have my hair done by anybody else. Not but that Lizzie Scott is all well enough in her way, but then—you know."

I did not know. Had I wanted my hair done, pretty Lizzie's plump fingers would have suited me far better than the talons of grim Nancy. I used sometimes to think how nice it must be to feel the girl's pretty hands fluttering so deftly about one, and envied my mother at her toilet. But of course I did not say so. What young fellow would?

As for mother, she never fancied that so handsome, accomplished and high-bred a gentleman, as she believed her son to be, could cast a second thought upon a common young girl like Lizzie Scott.

Think of her I did, however. Her lovely face and form attracted me, and soon I amused myself occasionally by talking to her. For one of her slender advantages, she talked well, and the voice was sweet enough to make one forget deficiencies in grammar.

Down in the laundry, when she went to do up mother's caps and cuffs, I used to follow her, and sitting on the window-sill, with the great green bleaching-plot outside, watch her at her work, her little hands skillfully patting lace or lawn, or guiding the iron over some snowy surface. An Irish girl would have blarneyed, and "your honored" me until I grew disgusted. An English maid would have dropped a courtesy and a "please, sir," at every sentence, but this bright Yankee girl viewed me evidently as her equal, and did not imagine that the fact of living out at service lowered her one whit. Yet she was modest in her mien, and never sought me. It was always I who followed her. Heaven forgive me! playing with her heart for my own diversion. I thought my own quite safe, and I thought her not likely to feel too much, being betrothed to that gruff-voiced, coarse-featured young mechanic who came to see her every Sunday afternoon.

I found out my mistake at Christmas-tide, five months from the day on which I came home from old Yale. Standing before my mirror, dressing for a late dinner, I read the secret in the face reflected in the polished glass. I, Archibald Prudhomme, had fallen in love with Lizzie Scott, my mother's waiting-maid—with a girl who had promised to be the wife of a coarse, ignorant man, with sooty forge-stains on his roughened knuckles, and no thought higher than to feed and sleep.

I said—nay, I vowed—at that moment, that I would cast away my folly; for many days I did not see her—but the New Year found my vow broken, and I sat beside her, watching her sew, in the little room which looked upon the lawn. Mother was out—miles away at an old cousin's, and there was no one to watch us. So as I spoke, the little blush-rose of a face drooped lower over the work, the hand dropped listless in the lap, and I caught it and held it, and what I said, heaven only knows I could not have remembered an hour after to save my life.

She aroused me from my dream with a shriek, and following her eyes as she snatched her hand from me, I looked down upon the lawn. The French window reached the floor, and gave a clear and uninterrupted view, and there, in the midst of the grass, green even in the winter, stood Lizzie Scott's betrothed husband, looking at us both.

"It's Giles!" she cried. "It's Giles! Oh, go away, please go away! What did you ever come for? Why did I let you stay? Leave me this minute, Mr. Prudhomme, if you don't want me to die!"

I went, and overhead I paced for an hour or more, hearing the angry words below. Her sobs at times. His oaths at others. Then steps went down the stairs, and the outer door closed with a sullen clang.

I listened, but heard no more.

In a little while I ventured down. I looked in. She was crouched down beside a chair, her head hidden in her arms, weeping.

I touched her on the shoulder.

"Lizzie," I said, "what has the brute been saying to you?"

She gave a start, and, rising, began to twist back the great masses of gold-brown hair that had escaped from the comb, striving all the while to choke back the sobs.

"Has he been brutal to you, the savage?" I asked.

"It's not for you to blame him, Mr. Prudhomme," said Lizzie. "It's not his fault, but mine and yours. Twa'n't my place to be sitting along with you, listening to your nonsense, and keeping steady company with Giles. I never cared nothing for him in particular, but I'd a right to act different when things was as they was between us. It's all over now, and I'm to blame, not him."

"Forget the brute," I said; "he's not worthy of you."

Lizzie sobbed again.

"He's a right good young man," she said, "and he was fond of me. He said I wasn't fit for him if I'd carry on so, and he'll tell me, and they'll all know at—, and even my dress was bought. Oh, Mr. Prudhomme, I wish I'd never seen you in my life. Go away, please."

"I'll not go," I said. "I'll not leave you now, Lizzie. Come, I can't bear to see you cry for a fellow like that; and you never loved him, you told me that. Come, Lizzie, sit down again. Say that once more."

"I never said that at all," said Lizzie. "I said I didn't set much on Giles. Ma made up the match, and I respected him, and I'd have been a good wife to him, if—if—" and Lizzie wept again.

Her tears did not disfigure her. Her flushed face was like that of a young child in its baby grief. It stirred my passion as her smiles had never done. I caught both peachy cheeks in my palms, and kissed her on her forehead.

"Oh, Lizzie, don't cry," I said, "when I'm so happy. That lumbering clodhopper is out of the way, and you never cared for him at all. Lizzie, just look at me a moment, and say that you do care for me, for I love you better than anything on earth. See—it was because he knew that, Giles has played the brute. He must have known all the while he was no more a mate for you than yonder conkey grazing by the fence is for my mother's pet horse, Romeo. We are glad he has gone, Lizzie—come, say so."

She did not speak, but she did not repulse me. I had my arm about her waist, her head upon my shoulder after a time.

And when the sun went down I kissed her good-by—she kissing me again—as I rode away to escort my mother home from her day's visit.

Had Madame Prudhomme known in what a scene her son had been chief actor, she would scarce have welcomed him with such a smile.

Perhaps she thought of the future; I did not; the present was my all. The cold winter months passed by, and in the long evenings, when all the rest of the house were in bed, we twain, Lizzie and I, sat before the fire together, the loving little cheek upon my breast, the taper waist encircled by my arm. When the spring came we met each other in the woods, or down by the river-bank, and I had learned to think my bonny, blooming Yankee girl, the peer of any queen in beauty and in soul. Yet always that dividing line of social standing lay between us, and made me keep my love a secret of our own.

It was old Nancy Hodgkins—better of her rheumatism, and at our house for a while as a sort of humble guest—who played the spy. She did it well, so that I never knew the storm was brewing until it burst.

I never shall forget the hour—Lizzie all tears, yet flushed with proud anger; I quite agast; my mother sailing through the rooms, in her sweeping black robes, as some tragic queen might have done, uttering bitter words and accusations, false then as false could be. I may not write here by what unwomanly name she called the girl, but Lizzie's eyes flashed fire.

"That isn't true," she said; "I've done nothing wrong, and money makes no one better than another in the sight of God. Your son can do me justice, and ought, instead of sitting there dumb, frightened like a child. I'd hear no kin of mine speak so of him and not resent it. It would be beneath me to give you your bad names back, and I know you to be a proud, well brought up lady, but you deserve them quite as much as I do, and I'll take no more."

Then, stung by her reproach, I stood between her and my mother, and put my arm about Lizzie's waist, and uttered angry words in her defense, and left the room with her, defiantly.

My last look on my mother's face told me that all was over between us. I had said and done more than she could ever forgive or forget.

Lizzie went home to the farm, where Giles's story had gone, and this last, painted very black by evil tongues, had reached also before her.

She had a shrewd step-dame there and a weak, half-imbecile, old father, and was driven away with abuse and names such as my mother had called her, only coarser and more vile.

Thus I came to meet her on the road to Boston—friendless and despised; her little bundle in her hand—her few dollars in her pocket—disgrace following her, innocent though she was, as it might the worst of women—for the shrill voiced Yankee village was re-echoing with the tale, crookedly twisted and distorted, of Lizzie Scott's misdoing.

On the lonely road I met her. There I forgot all else save her. I told her the wide world should

not part us. I kissed the burning tears away from her pale cheeks, and said, "Oh, Lizzie, be my wife! and give me the right to protect and shield you for ever more."

What could she say but "Yes?" what could she do but cling to me as to her last refuge on earth?

So at the next white pargonage upon the road we stopped, and a few words from the old minister made her my wife, and then I led her to the highway, where we met a stage which took us to the city.

I had no hope of my mother's immediate forgiveness, but I fancied her love for me would triumph some time, and meanwhile I had a little fortune all my own, and could be independent of her in a pecuniary point of view. I had studied in a desultory sort of way for a profession also, and had some dreams of doing something at it in a very grand way when my resources ran low. Fear of poverty was the last thing that troubled me.

It was a glad girl-and-boy sort of life we led for the first six months, I and my wife. We were quite alone together; spent long hours in each other's society, ever lover-like and tender.

I pleased myself by purchasing lavish gifts of dress and jewels for her, and listening to the whispered praise of her beauty which caught my ear. I fancied, ay, and so did she, that our honeymoon would last forever. Do all lovers dream as we dreamt? Heaven knows. If so, there must be many rude awakenings.

One night I had left the hotel for a walk—my pretty wife felt fatigued and remained at home—and I was sauntering dreamily along a broad thoroughfare, when a hand touched my arm, and some one cried, "Why, Archy!" I turned, and met the face of an old friend, a fashionable man, who had been my chum at college. He knew nothing of my marriage. I did not mention it. I knew that Lizzie's beauty would not excuse her want of education and high descent in his eyes—and, remember, I then thought our meeting but a chance one, not to occur again.

There I was mistaken; he would force me to go home with him, introduce me to his mother and sister, and urge me to visit him soon and often.

I liked him; I always had; and I lingered there long. Still, with never a word of my wife; my pretty, simple, Lizzie would never suit proud Mrs. Grey, her elegant and lovely daughter Alice, and my dashing friend Herbert. And for the first time I remembered her want of manners, her inelegancies of speech, and—ah, well! the truth must out—felt my love grow less.

Lizzie spent many a lonely evening after that, while I was at the Grey's. She sat alone in her little room, while I escorted Alice to balls, the opera, or social gatherings. They thought me a bachelor—I determined to enjoy the position.

At last Lizzie reproached me tearfully for my neglect; my remorse only made me angrier with her; I spoke bitter words; she no longer ran to meet me with kisses. At last, one night, she followed me, and saw me with Alice. Grief and pleading love left her then, and a wife's indignation took its place.

In her plain Yankee speech she told me what she knew. "You wait on that young lady, while you leave me alone," she said. "You do me great wrong; you must respect, if you do not love me; I will not bear this!"

I was heated with wine and anger. I turned on her in wrath; I told her that I married her from pity; that she was not my equal; that having saved her good name, I had a right to frequent society, where I could not for shame's sake take her, and that her words were useless. I know not what else I said, and I left her, in my tipsy wrath, standing white and cold, as though she had been turned to marble, and sought my couch. I slept long and heavily; when I awoke it was broad daylight and she was gone. When she had left me, or how, I never knew, but she had left no trace behind her. All her fine clothes and jewels were there still; she had dressed herself in the plain garments she had worn when I met her on the road, and taken the same little bundle with her, and so departed. When I knew that I had lost her, all my love came back, all my wicked shame of her humble birth and breeding departed.

I had but one object in life—to find her and gain her forgiveness. I spent night and day in the endeavor. I searched city and country; I advertised in words she alone would understand. All in vain; she had gone as though the earth had opened at her feet and swallowed her. Then came an awful time, when I sought her face in those of drowned women or unknown suicides.

I believed I should find her thus. Sometimes I thought it might be best, for then I could lie down and die; and what rest was there for me when I thought of my poor girl alone in that great city, penniless, friendless, desperate?

Once I grew cold with horror, as a beautiful lost face, framed by golden hair, flitted by me on the pavé at midnight. But she could never fall so low as that. Ah, no, no, not while there was a river or a deadly drug. She had a soul purer than new-fallen snow.

From this strange search I was called home to my mother—she was dying. I obeyed the summons, and stood at her bedside one dreary winter night. Old Nancy was there and the minister. She was delirious; I bent over her and called her by name; I plead for one word of love; all in vain. She raved still of strange things creeping over the bed and grinning at her, and fancied me a devil come to mock her. At last I said:

"I am your son, mother."

And she answered:

"My son—no, no! that wicked woman has him, heart and soul."

And so she died, her lips giving me no blessing, her heart turned from me to the last. Her will left a legacy to Nancy, another to her cousin, the bulk of her property to some charities, and not one cent to me.

I have not space to tell you how my life passed

for a while. My little fortune was spent; my friends were gone; I had grown moody, and health as well as spirits were broken. To live, I had recourse to my profession. I became a poor doctor, with very slight and very humble practice. That might have been otherwise, perhaps, but I had not strength enough to hope or strive for anything on earth. I had even given up all thought of finding Lizzie, or of telling her of my repentance. My office was on the first floor of a dingy tenement-house, full of lodgers. I had taken it about two years after my mother's death. It was then new, and I lived there still. No one came to see me save my patients, and they were few and far between. Now and then one paid, and so I lived an oyster-like life, which might have been easily changed to death—it was so lethargic and emotionless.

At last, however, came an awakening. A terrible malignant fever broke out in the low neighborhood. Every family had some member stricken down by its fell breath. They called me, and I went; not with any hope of fee, but to do what little good I could, heaven helping me. I rested neither day nor night; I was happy in the toil; I saved some lives, and began to hear my name spoken with blessings. For this I thanked God. I had one colleague, an old German, feeble but skillful; together we went about, together we consulted as to what was best to do. Life had interest to me once more; I was at work.

Once he came to me, at night, in tears.

"My God! this is dreadful!" he said, in his own language. "I have seen a little child die to-day, and the mother is heart-broken. She has nothing else in the world—a poor young widow."

"Where do they live?" I said.

"On the upper floor of the house," said the German. "The child took to his bed last night; he is dead now. She is so young and so lonely! Oh, God!"

The next day I saw the solitary carriage at the door, and the old German helping a trembling woman, wrapped in veil and hood, to enter it; but it was only one in so many. I sighed, and turned away. The next day we were busy together again, and at last the pestilence was vanquished and took its departure slowly. Only a few cases remained, and those were slight ones. I was thankful that this was so, when I awakened one morning with a burning head and rapid pulse, and felt the sick languor upon me which foretold the fever.

"My friend," I said to the old German, "my work is done. When I am dead, have me buried beside my mother. There is enough for that in my old desk yonder."

I remember his crying, "Oh, no, my boy—oh, no—you shall not die," and that is all.

An hour after he shook me softly:

"Can you understand me?" he said.

"Yes."

"The widow, whose child died yesterday, wishes to do you some of the good you have done to others. She will nurse you. Are you willing?"

"Oh, yes."

And then I dreamt again, but I was conscious of some one moving softly about me, of woman's hands laying my brow. In my delirium I fancied it was my poor lost Lizzie. Then came black nights, through which I watched the flittings of red-eyed scorpions, and listened to voices of no earthly tone, and succumbed to fevered delirium. Malignant eyes glared at me, hands gripped me with a touch of molten iron, and I rolled toward the edge of a great grave, and hung above it by my nails. The last fancy was falling into it, and dropping down—down—for an eternity. Then I knew nothing, and was not even mad, but drunk, and blind, and senseless.

One morning I awoke, weak and helpless, just able to part the curtain and look out. There, near the window, bending over her sewing, I saw Lizzie. I knew I must be delirious still, but the picture was too sweet to part from. I gazed on. This was not like my other fancies, save that it would soon dissolve. Still I watched it—the fingers gliding deftly over the work; the coarse, clean garments; the golden hair twined in one great coil at the back of her small head. Soon I saw tears falling, and the work dropped to the floor, and her hands folded, as in prayer. It must be real. I uttered a cry to test its truth:

"Lizzie! Lizzie!"

Then my vision turned, arose, sobbed forth: "He knows me! He knows me again!" and fell fainting to the floor, as the door opened and my friend the German doctor entered.

She had not meant to stay, only to watch me through my illness, and then fly away from me, unseen, unknown. Yet she loved me still. A woman's love, once given, is never quite recalled. And my German friend knew our story and aided me. She waited to hear my words, my unavailing repentance, my weary search, my long despair. She waited to hear my prayer for forgiveness, and, waiting so long, had not the heart to go. And when the midnight came she told me of my child—the boy whom I had never seen, who had lived and died beneath the very roof with me—watching by me still, until I grew quite strong, the time came at last when we could go hand in hand to our dead child's grave, and weep above it in each other's arms.

I am a country doctor now, and fortune has smiled kindly on me, and at Lizzie's knee stand two golden-haired girls, with their mother's bright blue eyes. And the things that I have written of seem like a dream, so far seem the dark clouds from the peaceful life we have led so many years together, my darling wife and I.

A BAD WIFE is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulder, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

Men often dread poverty the more the further they are removed from it; as the more glary the height to which we have attained, the more terrible yawns the gulf below.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"It might have been!" Impatient heart,
Still fretting o'er the buried past—
Seeking in life some brighter part
Than where thy lot is cast,
And vainly turning back again, to make wrong
and error plain.

"It might have been!" Nay, think not so:
For all that hath been was ordained,
And each day's share of joy and woe
Fits it, where wisely planned—
The perfect whole we yet shall see, when that
shall come that is to be.

Each error past, each blind offense,
May be themselves the means and way
Set by the wisest Providence—
Guides to a better day,
Leading through weakness into strength, and
through the dark to light at length;

To light and truth, to peace and rest,
If but with resolute step and sure
We follow now what we know best,
Contented to endure,
Nor shrink and tremble in dismay to see how
rough and hard the way;

Nor sit disheartened by the road,
To tell our losses past with tears—
Our "Might have beens": leave all with God,
Turn to the coming years;
Yes, leave the past with humble trust, to do and
suffer what we must;

To meet each day as it is sent,
And bravely take our portioned share—
Though hidden to us the full intent—
That each must do or bear;
Sure, if we each do what we can, 'tis part in some
great noble plan.

Nor vainly our poor hearts perplex
With thinking how it "might have been;"
Oh, useless pain! our souls to vex,
From holier truths to win!
With God's great wisdom ruling all, how could
our "Might have beens" befall?

The Storm at Sea.

A low, red farmhouse, with granaries attached,
was the home of the Kennedys. It was the best
farm in the town, although old farmers, coming
from rich grazing counties, sneered at the idea of
"raising anything so high on to the salt water."

It required all Matthew Kennedy's sturdy, ac-
tive energies to make it pay; but it did pay boun-
tifully. His father and grandfather had both
farmed this property; but, in both cases, there
had been a meagre return. But Matthew did not
disdain the helps of scientific agriculture as laid
down in the books, nor despise the new improve-
ments in farming implements; and thus he suc-
ceeded where they had failed.

His wife, a pretty, rosy farmer's daughter, was
truly a helpmeet for him. They who could secure
their supply of butter from Mary Kennedy's churn-
ing, were fortunate people indeed. Matthew was
not young when he married her; for he would not
marry while his old parents lived; but Mary knew
that he loved her, and Matthew was worth wait-
ing for.

Six years after their marriage, when the farm
was giving out the precious reward of their in-
dustry, little Andrew, the first and the last child,
was born. All the rewards of the Kennedys came
slowly; but they were full and rich gifts that the
good Father bestowed, and this, the dearest, most
precious of all. Surely no child ever fulfilled a
parent's desire more fully than little Andrew. He
was no precocious, sickly child, whose feeble light
flashes up for an instant, and then is quenched in
death or imbecility; but a strong, healthy, active
boy, full of life, having a sensible mind in a splen-
did physical organization—the inheritance from
both father and mother.

Open and frank—generous, brave and good-
tempered, no one could see the boy without liking
him. It was Mrs. Kennedy's only boast, that
Andrew had never in his life disobeyed her. But a
great, sharp pang was, nevertheless, inflicted
upon the poor mother's heart by this very boy.

It came, all along of having a farm "so high on
to the salt water," too; for Andrew, unknown to
any, had cherished the wildest, most intense long-
ings to try his fate upon that ocean in sight of
which he was born; and now for the first time,
he announced, on his fifteenth birthday, that he
was going to sea. His father was grieved and
disappointed at heart; but he would not damp
the boy's ardor, and thought, at any rate, he would
soon sicken of his resolution, after once embark-
ing.

"Let him try it, dear," he said to Mary, when
her tearful eyes showed how terribly she was suf-
fering. "Why, Mary, dear, don't take on so. He
is not the first boy that has tried the waves; and
when he gets to be an East India captain, like old
Thornlike, we shall be proud of him."

But Mary saw no consolation. Away down in the
depths of the sea, she saw, in her troubled dreams,
the caverns filled with whitening bones, and the
sea-shells and floating weeds tangled in her
Andrew's beautiful hair. She fell sick, as a natu-
ral consequence; but no martyr at the stake was
more courageous. She kept her secret, and no
one knew that she was sick at heart.

She rose from her sick bed, to pack the sailor's
sea-chest with garments on which she had wrought
night and day. Had Andrew known how his
mother's heart ached, he would have given it all
up; but she made no sign after the first few days,
and even put on a forced cheerfulness, rather than
to disappoint her boy.

In the very midst of the preparations, there
came an awful storm, and the beach was strewn
with the dead. Andrew consoled himself that
storms like that were very infrequent; and as the

next morning was bright, and the waves glittered
in the sun, he forgot that he had almost resolved
the night before to give up his project.

Dick Armstrong, the doctor's son, had joined in
Andrew's proposed enterprise. He was a wild,
reckless youth, and his father was quite willing
that he should go. He was a torment at home
and at school; and the doctor thought the disci-
pline on shipboard would be the best restraint.
But Mary was in terror at the thought of his in-
fluence upon Andrew.

"No, no," said her husband, when her fears at
length disclosed themselves to his watchful eye;
"Andrew is too well-grounded in good principles
for Dick Armstrong to influence him. You know
he never has yielded to him."

"I know—but when they are at sea—"

"Faithless Mary!" said Matthew; "is not the
same Providence upon the sea as upon the land?
Do not distress yourself longer about what may
be, but try to reconcile yourself to what must be."

And so Mary could only bear her sorrows where
she had carried her joys—to the foot of heaven's
throne. And the day had come for Andrew to go.
She saw his chest carried away with mute an-
guish; and before noon, she saw the white sails
of the Albatross all set, and her colors flying in
the breeze. And she knew that Andrew was on
board, and that soon, very soon, the waves would
be between her and her heart's darling.

Every day of absence from a beloved one may
bring sad and anxious thoughts, but every day is
not like the first; and the Kennedys were too sen-
sible people to darken their rooms or shut out
cheerfulness from their faces because their boy
was not with them. Somehow, the year rolled
away, and Mary's fifty-second birthday had been
faithfully performed, and the great yellow balls of
butter had come out as hard and sweet as ever,
when she began to think she might reasonably
look for the Albatross from Calcutta.

She had heard from Andrew. He was well and
happy, enjoying his sea life with a zest she had
hardly expected. All that was hard in it was play-
fully told as a mere jest—no brave man would
mind it at all.

"Andrew, my little Andrew, a man!" thought
poor Mary; it cannot—must not be! I must have
my boy again, and not a great, bearded man. I
can't have it so."

And she shed a few tears because she had lost
her baby, as foolish mothers say, when their boys
grow up too quickly.

She looked at the pretty Indian scarf that An-
drew had sent her, and went over to see Mrs.
Armstrong, who, since Dick had gone away from
her, had invested him with a thousand good quali-
ties that had never been accorded to him at home.

And the mothers now met every day, to talk
over the return, each giving a little strength, or
borrowing a little anxiety, as their moods might
be.

Homeward-bound was the Albatross, and home-
ward-bound was Mary's son. Would they ever
arrive at their destined port? Had not Andrew
repeated so many times what a fast sailer was the
Albatross? And would she shame her reputation
now? No. Mary resolved that she would put
faith in heaven and man—in the noble ship her-
self—in all things, and look cheerfully forward to
the return.

And she did not let her trust waver until the
winter months had one-half gone by.

Then she would go up to Andrew's room, where
she had gathered books and pictures, and new
furniture and curtains, and a carpet such as he
always fancied—a small figure, crimson and bright
green—and there she would kneel down, with the
blinds closed, and pray and weep in the darkness.
Up there, in that chill, fireless room, the dreary
monotony of the north-east wind would come to
her ears like a wail over the dead.

March came, and the ship came not. Oh, the
dreary waiting for the equinoctial gales! If the
Albatross could but have the fortune to get into
port before those wild winds were awakened in
their wrath! But the eighteenth of March was
dawning, and no ship yet.

Mary felt that she could not see Mrs. Armstrong
again; but when the sun came up, glorious as a
summer morning, and the whole day through was
bright and golden, and Mary took out her plants
in the warm air, she felt that she had been foolish
to anticipate any trouble. The doctor came, rub-
bing his hands.

"Are your pies and puddings all ready for the
boys, Mrs. Kennedy? Elizabeth has been heating
the oven for two days. Dick will have an appetite
like a hippopotamus, if he can swallow all his
mother's nice things."

Mary's brow had contracted an approach to a
wrinkle since Andrew went away, but it cleared
at this.

"No, I never thought of it. I will do it to-
morrow. Why, what on earth was I thinking of?
Do you think them near, doctor?"

"I am no sailor—I cannot tell; but it is time—
high time."

Just as he said it, a man passed the open win-
dow, and called out to a neighbor, "There will
be a storm to-morrow: the equinoctial gale is
coming!"

Coming! with all that glory in the sky and upon
the waves? Coming—when the air was warm and
bland as June, and the winds all hushed, and the
dry wintry branches motionless? What possessed
the man to croak out this dismal prophecy in her
ear?

But she could not—would not believe it. There
must be some great change that would take days
to effect, and meantime the Albatross would
be in.

Mary was one of those persons on whom the
weather has marvelous effect. Had there been a
cloud in the sky, a feather of snow in the air, her
spirits would have been at low-water mark at once;
but here was brilliant, almost summer weather.
She was going to enjoy it, sure. But the prophecy

was repeated in another voice, and this time by
one she could not doubt. It was the pilot's voice,
and he was going down to the shore.

"Are you faint, Mrs. Kennedy?" said the doc-
tor. He need not have asked, for no marble is
whiter than the face he laid down upon the
lounge. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed; "why
will women always faint away? Matthew!
Matthew! I say—find your wife's smelling-bottle!
She is in a faint. That's right, my man—now
some cold water."

"What ails her?" said the frightened husband.

"Has she heard anything?"

"Only that there is to be a storm some day.
Women are so foolish, you know."

Mary was soon restored. She had no fine lady
nerves, but sometimes her deep and tender feelings
betrayed her. She woke to see the sun she had
hailed so gladly sinking down into a great black
western cloud. It seemed like a pall—and beneath
it was her son!

Before nine in the evening, the wild winds were
sweeping over the hills and across the bay. On
shore, the elemental din was loud and deep.
Windows were blown in, chimneys rocked, and
some new buildings, just raised and boarded,
toppled over. A drenching rain mingled with
great hailstones, came rattling down—drenching
the long streets, and pouring its full tribute down
the slopes that led seaward.

There were sad watchers in that troubled night
—fathers, mothers, friends; but none so out-
wardly calm as the poor mother at the old red
farmhouse. She seemed almost turned to stone—
so still and cold. Not a sound escaped her lips;
not a sigh came up with the quiet breath.

Above the roar of the tempest there came, fit-
tfully, other sounds. The signal gun of distress
pealed out upon the air—the crashing of heavy
timbers, the dull straining of cordage, were all
heard amid the brief pauses of the storm. Two
or three vessels were certainly near the shore,
and their fate seemed inevitable. Then came a
fearful crash, and the watchers on the beach ran
toward the point from whence the sound came.
A large ship had struck upon the rocks, and was
fast breaking up; but brave hearts were near,
and, spite of danger in rescuing them, they were
nearly all saved, and borne tenderly to the nearest
harbor.

All at once Mary Kennedy found herself for-
saken. At the sound of distress that wailed up
high over the storm, all had left her. She roused
herself, and, running to the entry, took down a
thick cape that had belonged to Andrew. His
long woolen comforter hung beside it—the same
she had knitted for him to wear at school. She
tied this over her head, put on the cape, and
went out into the blinding storm, and down to the
beach, guided by the lights that kind hands had
scattered here and there across the beach—
watchfires, burning with a dull red glow that
lighted up the waves as the crimson sky had
lighted it that evening.

As she went on, she heard one and another say
that the Albatross was driving on shore. No one
dreamed that the small, quiet figure, standing by
a great rock, was the mother of Andrew Kennedy.
They talked about him—talked of his pleasant
ways and his good heart, and how it would kill
his parents if he should be lost; but their talk
was suddenly interrupted. The cold gray morn-
ing had dawned. The Albatross had been in
sight, ever since the first gray light appeared.
No boat could live in the boiling waves; no life-
boat was there. There was nothing to do but to
wait till the ship should strike, or—dread alterna-
tive!—go down into the depths with all her
precious freight of human lives.

"Oh, heaven! there is but a plank between my
child and death!" murmured the poor mother,
speaking for the first time since the storm had
commenced.

He spoke no more, for now the ship came on,
her heavy timbers straining, creaking, driving on
and on, apparently to destruction. The crew had
labored bravely; but, in this crisis, they could do
naught but stand upon the deck and wait, while
the ship rolled and plunged, as unmanageable as
a wild horse.

Among the figures standing there, Mary saw
her child. It must have been pure instinct; else
she could not have known that tall, weather-
beaten figure, so large and strong and dark, for
her fifteen-year-old stripling. But the heart took
in what the eyes and the memory lost. From that
time she never lost sight of him until he threw
himself into the sea and disappeared amidst the
boiling waves.

Then a giant billow bore him upward again,
and hope and despair played at deadly odds with
the mother's heart.

And now there were two of them—together
battling the great waves, and seeming to be
cheering each other on—another, as young and
active as the first. Oh! will they ever be saved?
And those brave sailors, fighting with the giant
waves beyond—can they ever come to land? Ah,
there are other brave seamen on the beach,
throwing ropes to the exhausted men in the
water. It nerves them afresh. They know now
that their friends on shore have hope and courage,
and it braces them to new efforts.

One after another matches the heavy cables,
and clings to them, passing them around their
waists, and giving all their remaining strength to
tying the great knots. Then they give up, and
lie floating upon the waves, while those on the
beach pull gently and tenderly upon the ropes.
Fifteen are drawn safely on shore. One
poor fellow, weak and exhausted, was dead when
taken from the water. It was not Andrew, nor
Dick Armstrong; for, already, strong arms had
borne them to their homes.

Panting and breathless, a little figure in a man's
cape, followed the bearers of Andrew Kennedy;
and not until it reached the gate at the farmhouse
did it lay a cold hand within the great palm of

Matthew Kennedy. He started, as if an iceball
had touched him, and, turning, saw Mary!

It was well that, all through the day and night
following, fatigue had numbed the senses of the
family at the farm. So much had been gone
through that only the deep sleep of exhaustion
could rest them. There was no sound in the
house all that time, except the hushed footsteps
of the work-people, doing quietly what must be
done.

But a joyful group met in the breakfast-room,
on the second morning—a little pale, but with
glad and thankful hearts, and happy though
tearful faces. Andrew wore a look as pure and
innocent as he had carried away; and, when he
talked of his next voyage, his mother subdued
her shuddering terror, feeling that He who had
rescued him from the peril of the seas was able to
protect him still. In all this fair, broad land
there could have been no more happiness than on
that morning in the old red farmhouse.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SOME years ago, some English officers camp-
ing in the vicinity of Mulhapor, went out tiger-hunt-
ing, and bagged a splendid tigress. Whilst returning
home with the trophy, they found, in a secluded spot,
in the lee of a jagged rock, what evidently was the lair
of a tiger, for there lay bones of both human and brute
kind, and shreds and rags of clothing. More interest-
ing than all, however, was the discovery of a tiny kit-
ten, not more than a fortnight old, coiled in a corner,
winking and blinking and gazing at the intruders. The
hunters at once decided that this must be the cub of
the beast they had slain, and willingly took charge of
the little orphan.

Tiger kittens are not captured every day, so when the
hunters returned to their quarters, the excitement in
their tent was considerable. The newly-acquired kitten
was provided with a tiny dog collar and chain, and at-
tached to the tent-pole, round which it gambolled, to
the delight of an audience numbering nearly twenty.
About two hours after the capture, however, and just
as it was growing dark, the good people in the tent were
checked in the midst of their hilarity by a sound that
caused the bravest heart to beat rather irregularly.

It was the roar, or rather the combination of shriek
and roar peculiar to the tiger when driven mad with
rage. In an instant the gamboling kitten became a very
inch a tiger, and it crouched with all its body strength at
the tether, while it replied, with a loud wail, to the ter-
rible voice outside. The company were panic-stricken.
There was something so sudden and unearthly in the
roar, that it seemed as though the great tiger, brought
in an hour before, had come to life again. Certainly,
the tiger in question was already fayed, but the picture
conjured up became not the more pleasant for that.
There was, however, not nearly so much time for specu-
lation to the scared company as writing these lines has
cost; for almost simultaneous with the roar, there leapt
sheer into the centre of the tent a bold tigress, and
without deigning to notice a single man there, she
caught her kidnapped baby by the nape of its neck, and
giving it a jerk, snapped the little chain, and turning
for the tent door, trotted off at full speed. After all, it
appeared that the little thing did not belong to the tiger
that was slain, but to the brave mother that had tracked
and recovered it. Sanguinary man-eater as she may
have been, one can be scarcely sorry to hear that not
a gun was leveled at the great rejoicing creature as she
bore away her young one, and that she got clear off.

A JAPANESE BELLE.

A RECENT East India traveler thus sketched
her:

"I saw a young girl standing, fan in hand, at an open
door, reading. She was simply clad in a loose robe,
half-petticoat, half-dressing gown sort of dress, reach-
ing as far down as the ankles, and bound by a sash of
yellow silk around the waist. Her feet, which were
small and beautifully formed, rested on the common
straw sandals of the country. Over this dress, which
left the bosom partly uncovered, she wore a light
cream-colored open jacket, of muslin texture, with wide
sleeves extended a little below the elbow; her soft black
hair was beautifully drawn back off the forehead, and
bound in a peculiar cluster at the back of the head,
where it was held by two gold pins, one of great length,
and a scorpion-like device attached to it, and which
moved to and fro with every motion of its fair wearer.
Her complexion was bright and pale, much more so
than the Chinese; her features animated and expres-
sive, and her teeth white, and as finely formed as her
entire figure. By the latter I saw that she was unmar-
ried—the invariable Japanese custom being that on the
marriage of every female the teeth are dyed black, and
in some cases the eyebrows shaven off."

"I halted nearly in front of where she stood; she did
not look pleased, and turn away as the fair damsels of
my own country would have done, but she favored me
with a steady gaze, and smiled, though I could scarcely
detect the movement of a feature, while her eyes, like
souls of eloquence, glowed in fascinating beauty. She
was reading a book; I saluted her with a low bow; she
returned the compliment by a somewhat similar move-
ment. Observing my curiosity to see the book which
she held, she handed it to me. It was thick, and of
nearly quarto size, and the letter-press was mixed with
numerous wood-cuts—a common circumstance in
Japan, as I subsequently ascertained—where nearly
every book published abounds with numerous illustra-
tions. In weight the book was exceedingly light, and
the cover was very thick, colored paper, highly orna-
mented, the external picture being that of a crucifixion;
the paper was printed on one side only, and left uncut,
so that the printed sides were alone presented to the
eye. The work, of its ordinary kind, was of excellent
typography. Of its ordinary merits the young lady
might have formed an opinion; but being anything but
a Japanese, I could do no such pleasant thing."

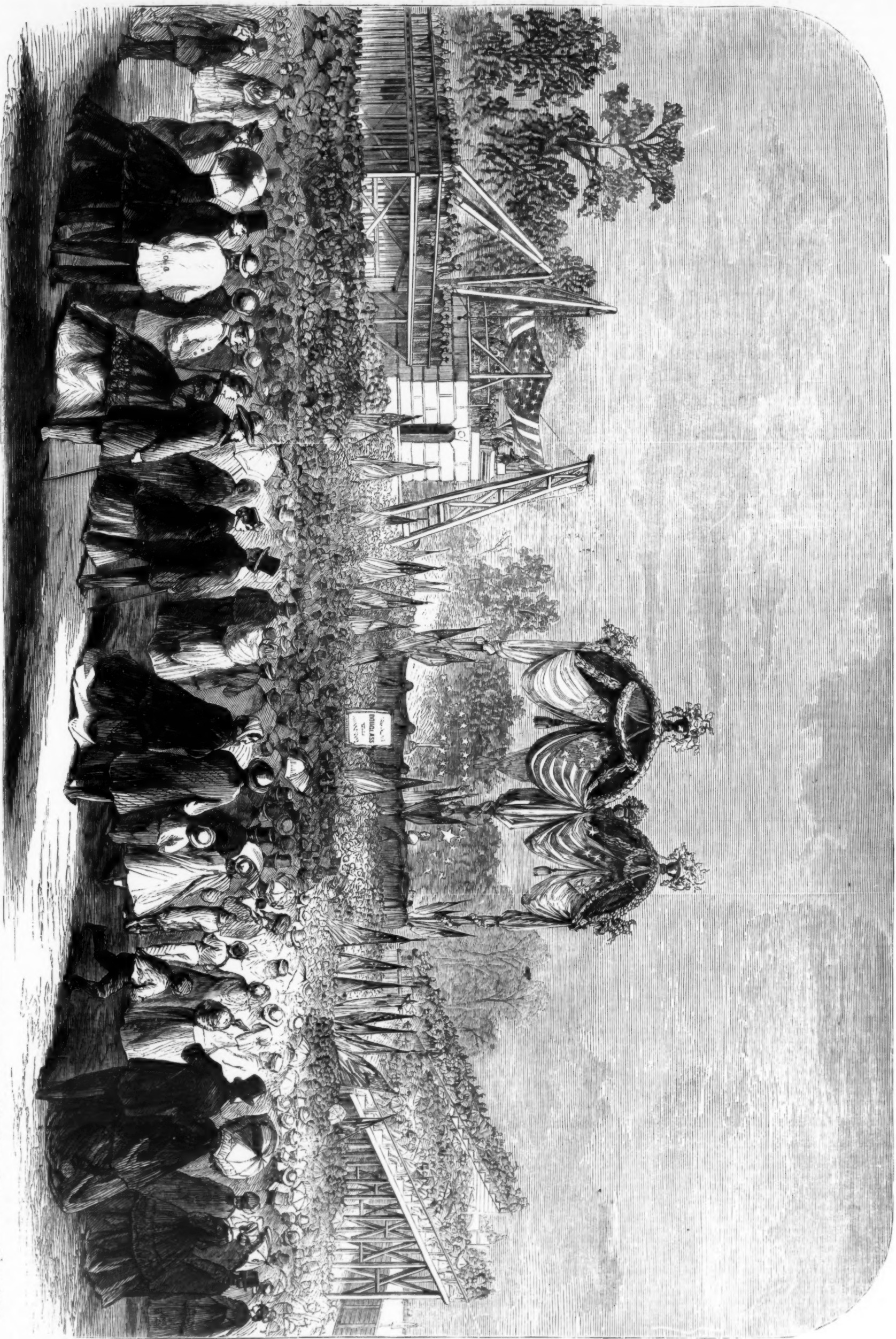
TOPOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND.—During a
recent meeting of the Royal Institution, London, Sir
Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, gave an account
of the ordnance survey of Jerusalem. We are familiar
enough with this kind of topographical work in our own
country, but to hear of an ordnance survey of the Holy
Land—to find modern science mixing itself up with tra-
ditions of the earliest times, with our scriptural asso-
ciations and with the Crusaders and Saracens, inspires a
notion of incongruity. It is true, nevertheless, that a
party of red-coated English sappers have taken an accu-
rate plan of the City of David, and carried a line of level-
ling all across the country from the Mediterranean at
Jaffa to the Dead Sea, the object being to settle a long-
debated question—the difference of level between the
two seas; and we now learn from Sir H. James that it is
settled. The difference is great, for the level of the Dead
Sea is 1,292 feet below that of the Mediterranean; and
the highest ground passed over in the line of the survey
(Mount Scopus) is 2,734 feet above the level of the Medi-
terranean. The Mount of Olives is 2,665 feet, Mount
Zion 2,650 feet and Mount Moriah 2,440 feet above the
same level. Due precautions were taken, by cutting
marks in the solid rock on the route, to preserve a means
of testing the survey at some future time, and of ren-
dering it meanwhile useful to travelers, or to the party
now engaged in the exploration of Palestine. Sir H.
James states that Jerusalem "occupies a space of about
three-quarters of a mile in length and half a mile in
width."

THE SCENE AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 6TH, 1868.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 3.



GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AND MASS MEETING OF SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN DELEGATES TO THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION, IN FRONT OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING, BROAD STREET PHILADELPHIA, ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 4TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOMAS HOGAN.—SEE PAGE 3.

THE SCENE AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 6TH, 1866.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE MORAL OF MIGRATION.

There's naught in May's roving bloom, when hearts to rapture yield,
There's naught in Summer's boundless glow, when plenty crowns the field,
Like that soft hour whose dying tints enrich the faded grove,
And raise to calmer, holier thought the dreams of mirth and love.

'Tis not the pensive maid alone that feels the chast'ning power,
Or musing bard who hears a moan in each deserted bower;
The wild inhabitants of air give witness of the spell,
Nor blest the mind that notes untouch'd their ling'ring, last farewell.

And in many a ring they wheel, and test th' inspiring force
That points afar to climes unknown, their long uncharted course;
A guide within each fluttering breast sustains the feeble wing,
And soon the autumnal gale for them o'ertakes the flight of spring.

Then tell me, Thou, whose eye can read the world's mysterious plan,
When Nature beckons o'er the grave, why shrinks the soul of man?
Why clings he to an earthly shore, when all its charms are flown,
Why turns he from a brighter land, which faith can make his own?

Madeline's Marriage;

OR,

THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIII.—MORE MESSAGES STILL.

When Madeline reached Desir, she said to the servant:

"Tell Hebe I shall not want her to-night," and taking a candle, she went to the parlor, where some remnants of fire still smoldered on the hearth.

The night was warm, but her hands and feet were like ice, and drawing a chair up to the hearth, she sat shivering over the embers.

"Oh, she moaned to herself, 'I am so grateful to be alone!'"

Her brain was so weary and bewildered that she was unconscious of time, powerless to bestir herself to go to bed, and after a while, not having even removed her wrappings, she fell into a dull, heavy sleep.

When she awoke, the moon had gone down, her candle was flaring in the socket, and a damp, cold wind rushing through the dark room.

She roused herself, got up, and groped her way to a bracket where a match-box was kept. Unable to find it, she kept on slowly and uncertainly toward the door. Keeping one hand stretched out before her, she suddenly encountered, without having heard a previous sound, another hand, pressing, palm forward, through the darkness, as though the owner was likewise groping his way. It was a large hand, deadly cold.

Madeline screamed.

"Mrs. St. Hellens!"

It was Simon's voice, in a tone of surprise, though, and quivering as she never heard it before.

"Why, Simon, what do you want—what are you doing here?" she exclaimed. "Isn't it late in the night?"

"It is almost morning, madam. I was looking for you. I believe Mr. St. Hellens is dying."

His words came thick and husky. Madeline recoiled, with a gasping cry. The cold sweat broke out over her.

"But in the dark—how came you in the dark?" she faltered, with a vague fear of treachery—of she knew not what.

"I have a candle. A gust in the passage put it out. I came in here for a match."

He guided his way to the mantel-piece, found the match-box, and lighted the candle. The gleam fell upon Madeline's glittering dress. She was grasping the door as if for support.

"I was about to call Aunt Venus to go for you. I hated to disturb you; I did not think of finding you up, but I dared not delay."

She seemed to recover herself while he spoke.

"Have you sent for Dr. Jarves? What do you think is the matter? Why don't you get some of them up? Have you left Mr. St. Hellens alone?" she asked, nervously.

"What shall I do? Shall I stop to call them?—shall I leave you?" asked Simon, scarcely more composed, as he followed Madeline through the passage.

"Yes—go." She pulled her opera cloak about her—her teeth chattered. "Give me the candle," and she snatched it from his hand and hurried on.

Mr. St. Hellens lay motionless and rigid upon the bed. His eyes were closed. There was a hoarse, feeble rattle in his breath. Madeline went to the bedside. Her breath came in gasps; she shivered, clinching her hands.

The rattle subsided for a moment, the sick man drew a full, easy breath, he unclosed his eyes, and they rested lingeringly, with a rational expression of dumb entreaty, upon her face. She tried to answer the look. It seemed to her he had never looked so young, so well, since the morning they were married; she held out her hands.

"Mr. St. Hellens," she said; but before the words were spoken the breath grew faint—expired. The ray of intelligence faded slowly from his eyes, which remained fixed in their stony death-stare upon his young wife's face, as she gazed with a look of appalled, uncomprehending wonder.

There was a stir and bustle about her in the chamber. Simon, with several of the old servants, had got there. Madeline heard one or two piercing cries, and after that a dead silence.

When consciousness returned the early daylight was slowly whitening the objects of the room in which she lay.

It was a strange room; she looked around speculatively, forgetting for the moment what had happened. As she raised her eyes she saw, at the foot of the bed, Cyril's companion of the preceding evening, still in her ruby colored dress. Madeline closed her eyes. The room was perfectly still. She thought it very very strange that the woman stood there so motionless. She listened for her breathing. There was no sound!

Raising herself on her arm, she looked again. The figure was only a picture—yet her picture surely! There were the same full lips and glittering eyes—even the same color in the dress. While she pondered, the door was opened abruptly, and the original of the portrait—as Mrs. St. Hellens supposed, and anyhow, the woman she had seen with Cyril on the night before—walked rapidly in, having closed the door behind her.

Without seeming to observe Madeline, she glanced eagerly around the room, and catching sight of the portrait, she threw herself on her knees before it, and cried softly:

"My mother!"

Madeline looked at her for a moment with astonishment. Then the truth burst upon her, and she said, in a trembling voice, as if speaking to herself:

"Isa Carstarphard!"

The stranger rose from her knees, she threw her arms pleading about the woman who bore the name to which her own dead mother had been entitled, and cried out:

"Pity me—pity me!"

Madeline tried to soothe her.

"Never to have known either!" she sobbed.

"The picture of one parent, the corpse of the other!" and she wept violently.

Madeline caressed her. A sudden revulsion took place in her feelings.

"Dear Miss Carstarphard," she said, "I know but too well how to sympathize with sorrow of any sort."

"Call me Isa," said the girl, bitterly. "I have no right to any other name."

There was a light tap at the door, and Cyril entered. The two women were weeping in each other's arms.

"I have told her, Cyril! She knows who I am!" cried Miss Carstarphard.

Cyril's eyes met Madeline's. A mutual look of painful, passionate comprehension passed between them.

While Isa and he were talking together, her eyes wandered about the room. The furniture was very elegant, but everything bore an air of disuse. There were a hundred suggestions of a woman's presence—a work-table upon which lay some strips of cambric; the little gold thimble setting, still, beside them; on a marble bracket, below a mirror, a pair of woman's gauntlets and an ivory-handled whip, looking as though just flung down; and in a corner a rosewood crib hung with lace curtains lined with rosy silk.

Slow, stinging tears filled Madeline's eyes at these mute mementoes of the rapturous, sentient life to which the man who had just actually died had so long virtually been dead.

She contrasted the sickly, feeble little gentleman whom she had known, who had pitied and protected her so kindly, with the impassioned man who had snatched the woman he worshipped from the unfeeling grasp of the church, and who, after some few years of happiness, had paid she did not know, either, how he had paid—the penalty of his rashness; and her tears fell, unheeded.

Isa and she went in alone together and looked at the dead—the clay was hardly more gray and lifeless than it had been for months. The soul had gotten its message and obeyed, with scarcely a struggle in the dissolution.

But Isa sobbed:

"It is hard that I could not have seen him once alive."

"Tell me," said Madeline, tenderly, looking into the girl's face for explanation.

"I have been all my life shut in a *Maison Religieuse*. I never knew that I had any other home—any other friends. They have tried, you know, to find me, but never could till Cyril at last discovered where I was. It was about New Year's that he heard something which gave him a clue. He has been ever since bringing about my release. We only reached here the night before last. And to think," she sobbed, "that I should have been at a party—when he was dying."

Madeline shuddered. Her conscience appropriated the reflection.

"I don't know what ailed me! my liberty seemed to craze me. I hated the dull, solemn life I had to lead before I knew there was any other. When I got out of the *Maison*, Cyril gave me plenty of money; the change of travel excited me. I reveled in ridiculous extravagances. I was fairly intoxicated with life."

A faint sigh broke from Mrs. St. Hellens's lips. She lifted one of the thin gray locks on the dead man's forehead, and laid it back, with a solemn expression on her face which absorbed the acute momentary pang that passed over it at Miss Carstarphard's words.

There was a little silence. With their arms still about each other, they walked toward the darkened window.

"Cyril was very anxious to have me see you," Isa pursued; "he talked of you continually, and last night he tried to bring us together, but there was such a crowd, and all you—you—"

"Yes, dear."

Madeline kissed Miss Carstarphard's forehead lightly, and took her arm from about her.

"Shall you mind now if I go to my room for awhile?"

There was a sound of footsteps, reverent, muffled, as the footsteps are that come to a chamber of death, and Simon entered, followed by Dr. Jarves and Dr. Persis, with Mr. Verrell. The three bowed gravely to Mrs. St. Hellens, without speaking. She saw their eyes glance for an instant over her gaudy dress, her disheveled hair, with the tinsel ornaments still matted in it, and the bright cloak which she clutched around her, and realized, for the first time how unsuitable her appearance was for the place.

Taking Isa with her, she left the room.

In the great drawing-room of Desir the body of the master lay in state, with burning tapers at the head and feet, a cross of flowers on the velvet pall, a cloud of incense upon the air, and through the house the unspeakable hush. Day and night in the cathedral of the Order of X—masses were sung and requiems offered for the repose of Henri St. Hellens's soul.

On the third morning the funeral took place, with the solemn religious rites of the order. The spring rain fell in sheets, the wind moaned all day, and the leaden clouds never lifted above the new grave.

The agitation and excitement of the grief was over. The whispering throngs who had been coming and going did not return, and Cyril, Isa, and Madeline came home from the funeral alone, and went instinctively to their separate rooms.

Late in the afternoon Madeline went restlessly to the deserted chamber in the wing. Something about these rooms oppressed her. She felt like an intruder upon their tragedy, and yet she lingered in them. The room in which Mr. St. Hellens died was hung with black. The altar, with its satin drapery, was replaced, candles burning upon it, a *prie-dieu* before it; everything else was still and barren, all the little accessories of life were put out of sight, and the flames of the candles burned feebly in the daylight which streamed through the glass door opening upon the veranda, whose balconies had accidentally been left open.

Madeline was in no mood to notice externals or to think of an empty propriety. She went to the door, pressing her hot forehead against the pane, noticing idly that the west was suffused with light, the sun setting clearly, and that the young, tender foliage without, was hung with drops which sparkled with diamonds.

While she stood there, Cyril came into the room. Without speaking, he joined her at the window, and the two stood for awhile looking out at the shower of glitter which the breeze tossed from the branches—at an idle peacock pluming himself in the walk.

Madeline broke the silence:

"I spoke to you once," she said, and her voice was not quite steady, "of what I should do in case Mr. St. Hellens was never able to alter his will, and Isa was found. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I want to have it attended to at once, and without her knowledge."

"There is no need, Mrs. St. Hellens."

"That is not the question." She spoke impatiently.

"Isa is provided for."

"How? The will?"

"The will is unchanged. The St. Hellens estates go to the church. But the day before her father died I settled the bulk of the property which I received from him upon her. I also entailed it as far as I could, to obviate the probability of her refusal."

"And you?"

"I am going to work."

Another short silence. Then Madeline said:

"I have everything prepared for leaving Desir to-morrow afternoon. I am going North."

Cyril started slightly.

"For the summer?"

"For good."

Their eyes met in a long, sad, questioning look.

"You misunderstood me, Madeline?"

"Yes."

"You do not now?"

"No."

He put his hands out toward her. For an instant she placed her own within them. Their eyes were still fastened upon one another—no words said.

A shadow falling against the glass door startled them, and Simon and Dr. Jarves went by. Madeline turned from the room and left Cyril to receive them.

Together, that night, the three discussed the future. Cyril had made his plans for taking a clerkship in a shipping house for this year. Madeline was going North, somewhere where she could be near her mother, to live quietly on her small income. Isa Carstarphard alone had nothing definite to say. She clung to Madeline.

"Take me with you—I have no friend but you."

It was agreed, therefore, that the two should remain together, for the summer, at least; and they parted for the night.

Toward sundown the following afternoon the hall of the Villa Desir was occupied by trunks and bags and all the paraphernalia of traveling. The carriage was at the door. Servants hurrying to and fro. Cyril was waiting in the desolate drawing-room for Madeline and Isa, who had just begun to descend the stairs, and the moment for departure had actually come, when a couple of strange men came up the stoop, walked unceremoniously through the open door, and confronted the ladies, who paused in surprise.

"Is this Mrs. Madeline St. Hellens?" asked one of the men, promptly, facing Madeline, who answered:

"Yes, sir," somewhat haughtily.

"I have a warrant here, madam—a warrant for your arrest," he said, apparently somewhat

abashed, but still speaking in a clear, business tone.

Cyril, hearing the strange voices, stepped into the hall, and heard the last word:

"Arrest, fellow! what are you talking about?" he exclaimed.

"I have a warrant for Mrs. St. Hellens's arrest. That is all," he answered, coolly.

"For what, then?" gasped Madeline, leaning against the wall for support.

"You are suspected of murder, ma'am," he answered, his rough voice softening, in spite of himself, at the terrible accusation.

Cyril came forward excitedly, deadly pale.

"What is the meaning of this atrocity?" he asked. "By what right do you come here? Do you know who you are talking to?"

"We know very well," said the man, with a grim smile. "The lady herself has told us that she was Mrs. St. Hellens; as for the rest"—he produced his paper quietly, and showed his insignia of office.

"We hope there'll be nothing unpleasant," said the other functionary; "the carriage seems to be here waiting—we can all ride down together."

Without another word, or the interchange of even a look, Madeline, Cyril and Isa went, as by one impulse, to the carriage. One of the officers got inside, the other mounted the box, and they rode in silence to the city.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE PROSECUTION.

On the following day Madeline, over whom a despairing apathy had crept from the moment she heard the horrible accusation against her, was arraigned to listen to a formal charge.

It was stated that in making a *post-mortem* examination of the late Henri St. Hellens, incontestable evidences of a slow poison, by means of which he had come to his death, had been discovered; that the state of the deceased man's health precluded the idea of suicide, and it therefore became an important matter to know who possessed at once the motive and the opportunity for having committed a murder; that inquiry had elucidated the fact that for over three years, or since the mysterious melody from which the deceased had suffered had developed itself, but two persons had had intimate and frequent access to him, to wit, a mulatto—Simon—and the accused; that the mulatto was free, a man of unsuspected integrity, having been in his master's service for twenty-five years, being devotedly attached to him, and without any imaginable motive for desiring his death; that, on the contrary, evidences which would be forthcoming indicated the existence of a strong motive on the part of the accused for desiring such an event; and that, therefore, the motive and the opportunity for the commission of the crime attaching, apparently exclusively, to her, the jury had found a bill indicting her, Madeline St. Hellens, for the murder of her husband, the late Henri St. Hellens.

Had Madeline been trebly guilty, she could not have appeared more conscious of guilt than she did while listening to this charge. Her face was blanched, looking unearthly in contrast with her heavy mourning and under the folds of the crepe veil which she had been obliged to raise on entering the court-room; her eyes were dilated with horror and fright; her lips were bloodless as her cheeks. When asked whether "Guilty or not guilty?" they parted, but no sound came.

An indistinct murmur went through the assembly. It was evident that her appearance was exciting an impression unfavorable to her innocence. And almost equally stricken and blanched were the faces of Cyril and Isa, who sat on either side of her.

Perhaps Cyril suffered most of all. The imagination is exquisitely active concerning an object which centres all its workings, and there actually came to him a faint, giddy, horrible temptation to—he knew not what! Suspect her? Oh, heavens, no! Admit the barest possibility of her guilt? No, no! What then? Nothing—and yet this nothing was the most oppressive feeling he had ever known.

As for Isa, she was a creature of impulse, of exuberant vitality, of small reasoning powers. She was a trifle older than Madeline, but had always lived dependently, and did not know how to think for herself. The sudden shock petrified her. She stared vaguely from one to the other, and the notion of crime beat in vain against her perceptions for admission.

Cyril had hastily engaged counsel—the best; but, of course, they were not then ready to make any defense, and the trial was for the present postponed.

Madeline was led from the court, without the motion of a muscle having betrayed that she thought or felt. When they reached the door of the cell, she motioned, mechanically, to Isa, who followed, weeping, that she must not come any further. Cyril accompanied her across the threshold. They looked from the stone walls and clanking door to one another, but neither spoke for some time.

Tears of agony blinded Cyril.

"It is worse than death," he said, in a choking voice, "to leave you here."

She looked at him, in a stony, abstracted way. "Yes," she said, dreamily, "I suppose I shall die."

The jailer looked at her pityingly, but with a cruel significance. "You must come, sir," he said, moving the creaking door.

With a ghastly look he turned and left her.

A dismal interval followed. Cyril would gladly have shut himself from the world, even in the cell with Madeline, if it had been possible. But the world lay, under all circumstances, to be confronted. There is no such thing as getting out of the way.

He took apartments for Isa, and then went to see the gentleman from whom he had expected employment.

"How about the agreement we made a week or so since, Mr. Le Blanc?" he asked, with constraint, entering that gentleman's office.

Mr. Le Blanc did not affect to misunderstand him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "what earthly difference can this sad affair make in my feelings toward you?"

Cyril was talking to a friend whom he had known and trusted from boyhood, and he answered with a kind of frank defiance:

"Only this, sir: that every hope and interest of my life is identified with Mrs. St. Hellens, and the disgrace, the odium which is attached to her name reflects on me. I would not have it otherwise. I would be too glad if I might change places with her, and suffer for her."

"For God's sake, Cyril, do not talk in this way," answered Mr. Le Blanc, with excitement. "Whatever you may feel toward this unfortunate woman, policy warns you to be silent."

Cyril knit his brows.

"You must know," continued his friend, "that suspicion of her was first excited by the gossip concerning your admiration of her, and there have been, consequently, all sorts of stories."

"They are lies," said Cyril, hoarsely.

"I hope we can prove them so," replied the man of business, gravely.

"You—you," said Cyril, "do not believe—"

He was unable to finish the question.

"I think the grounds of the accusation very slight," said Mr. Le Blanc; "practically, very slight. But your father was slowly murdered, Cyril. Who did it?" and he looked more keenly even than he meant to into Cyril's eyes.

The young man's gaze faltered. The glare of suspicion which met him on every side blinded him.

An anxious expression crossed Mr. Le Blanc's face.

"Upon my soul, I fear he knows something about it," was his silent comment.

And this gloomy impression reflected itself on every side.

Little things were brought up, such as the fact that Madeline was alone with her husband the night he had the paralytic stroke; that she came to his death-bed in a ball dress; that she and Cyril stood, their hands clasped, and absorbed in one another, in the room where Mr. St. Hellens died, upon the day that he was buried. No one pauses in such a case for counter-phases. It was one of those occasions when the public become prejudiced and do not stop for calm judgments.

A young, pretty woman had married a rich, feeble old man, and had afterward fallen in love with his adopted son. She was impatient for freedom—she thought she was secure from detection—she had quietly put the husband out of the way.

This was the argument and the conclusion. Those who had courted and envied Mrs. St. Hellens found sufficient to reprobate in their real and imaginary recollections of her career, and opinion flowed in a resistless current toward a belief in her guilt.

ONE THING ONLY.

I.

After breakfast, t'other day,
When the sky was dull and gray
(Whether hail or rain was coming none could guess),

Said to me a lady sweet,
"I want one thing for complete
Happiness."

II.

One thing only! Oh, delight
For the fortunate young knight
Who should bring it to that lady fair to see!
Such the thought that 'gan arise,
As her beautiful blue eyes
Turned to me.

III.

Laughed those lovely eyes of blue,
As she said: "There's naught to do,
And it certainly is going to be wet;
So, as grumbling is a folly,
Will you fold me up a jolly
Cigarette?"

Sophy's Stratagem.

OUR strict regard for truth compels us to confess, spite of our equal regard for the dignity of the fair sex, that there is very frequently a vast amount of mischief inherent in the feminine mind. Sophy Brookes was certainly not deficient in this particular. Nothing could exceed her genius for getting into scrapes, except, perhaps, her aptitude for getting out of them. When she was still in the nursery, amongst a goodly number of brothers and sisters, her peculiar talent had found means of displaying itself. If Rover was dressed up in nurse's best cap, a ball thrown through a window, or walnut-shells fixed on the kitten's feet, it was decided, without the unnecessary formality of a trial, that Miss Sophy was the culprit; but then she had such winning ways with her that it was seldom she met with any very severe punishment. In the school-room it was the same; the torment, and yet the pride of teachers, the wonder and admiration of the scholars, she some way managed to gather, in the intervals of less desirable and more congenial employment, a greater amount of knowledge than many who possessed more application.

School-days came to an end at last, but Sophy's love of fun and mischievous proclivities remained rampant. Not an iota was laid aside with Lindsey Murray, or Mangall's "Questions"; on the contrary, they seemed rather increased than otherwise. Her great point of self-gratulation being that she kept people alive, the wonder is that they contrived to exist under such inflictions.

According to the usual course of events, brothers and sisters, in turn, found homes of their own, until Sophy and a brother—Gerald, her senior by a few years—were the only two remaining in "the old house at home."

Gerald's temper, fortunately for himself, being a remarkably even one, he managed to suit himself to circumstances; and finding that no power on earth could cure Sophy, he very wisely made up his mind to endure any small favors she might please to bestow upon him.

"There is a piece of news for you, *mon frere*," she observed, one evening, to her brother, on his return from that vague business destination, the city. "I've been cooling my heels for the last half hour, waiting for you at the garden-gate, for fear any one else should tell you."

"Well, what is it, madcap? Have you fallen in the fish-pond to-day, or has that delightful magpie of yours stolen the entire stock of plate?"

"I should not take the trouble to come right down the garden to tell you about such trifles as those; it's something far more important. Our respected parents have at length decided that they will accept one of sister Julia's numerous invitations, and spend a month with her in the country. Won't I lead you a life! you'll be entirely at my mercy now. Fancy me the mistress of a household! Gerald, I'll feed you on pies and tarts for a whole month. Won't it be fun?"

"To you it may be. Perhaps, before the time comes to an end, I may entertain a different opinion. Pies and tarts are all very well in their way, but more substantial food might be agreeable now and then, just by way of a change, you know. Now let me hear the next move in the line of amusement?"

"You don't deserve to be told. However, I have written to Clara Wallis, to ask her to come and stay with me whilst mother's away."

"Phew!" whistled Gerald. "What do you want her here for?"

"Because I don't intend to be left alone in the house all day, with nothing to do but talk to the magpie and lecture the servants. You'll like her, Gerald, I know; and let me whisper, brother mine, she's very pretty."

"Oh, no doubt; quite a treat, I dare say. Women's ideas of each other's beauty are proverbial."

"Gerald, you are a more obstinate Goth than I thought. As a mild punishment, I hope you'll fall in love with her. She won't accept you from my recommendation, be sure of that."

Probably Sophy had been disgusted by the air of quiet contempt with which her information respecting the possible appearance of Clara on the scene had been accepted. At all events, she did not hazard a similar rebuff, merely stating, in reply to a question from her brother, that Miss Wallis was coming; and this comparative silence being as uncomfortable to the young lady as it was uncommon, she found relief in shrugging her shoulders, and favoring Gerald with very significant nods behind his back, which course of proceeding, no doubt, acted as a species of mental safety-valve, and prevented an explosion.

Mr. and Mrs. Brookes at length took their departure, en route for "sister Julia's" country house, and on the afternoon of the same day Clara arrived. The two girls had chatted over the state of things in general, had expressed their mutual "horror" of the new bonnets, and regret that crinolines were "going out," which last point they were discussing over their tea, when Gerald made his appearance. Of course Sophy rose, and formally introduced her friend, intensely delighted at discovering, as she takes every opportunity of informing the curious, that "Gerald was knocked over at first sight, could do nothing but stare—in fact, it was 'Tea versus Clara,' verdict for the defendant, you know."

Apparently, time, instead of healing the wound, only made matters worse, and as the days went by it became evident to Sophy's watchful vigilance that, with her brother, at least, it was a very bad case, and she was inclined to believe Clara not altogether averse to his somewhat marked attentions.

Sophy was a notable little housekeeper, and, amongst her other qualifications, possessed a habit of early rising. Jingling her keys, and singing as gayly as her pet canary, during her ante-breakfast preparations, her clear voice generally acted as a musical alarm to awaken the other inmates of Egmont Villa from their respective slumbers. Gerald was generally the last to obey the summons; therefore Sophy felt rather surprised when, one morning, he joined her in the garden long before his usual time.

"Why, brother mine," she said, gayly, as, with scissors in hand, she stooped to cut some sprigs of heliotrope, "what has made you so energetic? It's scarcely seven."

"Oh, I did not sleep very well, so I thought I might as well turn out, and I wanted to speak to you alone."

"I'm sure I feel deeply honored," replied Sophy, without looking up. "Pray proceed."

"Well, then, I think of remaining in New York for the next week or ten days; you won't be afraid to be left with only women in the house, shall you?—at night, I mean."

"Indeed I shall; so you'll do nothing of the kind. I never heard of such strange behavior. Why, Gerald, you must have taken leave of your senses. Go and lie down for an hour, and try to sleep yourself into a more sensible frame of mind."

"Don't be angry, there's a dear," said Gerald, earnestly, "I must go."

"Must! I see no must in the case."

"Hang it all!" remarked Gerald, "women never will be satisfied with half the truth;" and, seriously diving his hands into his pockets, he walked up and down the path for a few moments, kicking the gravel in all directions, while Sophy looked at him in mute amazement.

At last he came to her side, saying desperately:

"Look here, Soph! I am going to trust to your

discretion, partly because it may do me good to tell you, and partly because I can't help myself. Do you remember, before Miss Wallis came, you wished that I might fall in love with her? Well, I have done so."

"Is that what troubles you?"

"Yes; added to other things."

"I don't know why it should."

"You will presently. You see I thought, as I have a good situation, and one that is likely to improve, that I should be perfectly justified in asking Clara to be my wife, and intended doing so the first opportunity I had."

"Quite right, Gerald; I'm with you so far."

Last night, however, just as I was leaving the office, a letter came."

"Very remarkable; did it walk?"

"Nonsense, Sophy! be serious for once. I put it in my pocket, and forgot it until late last night."

"Complimentary to your correspondent."

Unheeding the interruption, Gerald continued: "It was from Frank Richards, and in it he says—but I will read you the passage."

"Thank you," said Sophy, trying to look grateful, as Gerald produced the letter and read:

"I congratulate you, old fellow, upon being in luck's way again. I know the Clara Wallis you mentioned in your last; she is a pretty girl, no end of it, and what is more, has plenty of the needful. Make hay while the sun shines—you won't often get such a chance. There are very few heiresses in the market now; don't forget to send me an invitation to your wedding; I can do the heavy sentimental to perfection."

"Ah!" said Sophy, drawing a long breath as her brother ceased reading, "if it's all like that, it must be an interesting epistle; and instead of taking such sensible advice, you want to run away from the plum fortune evidently intends for your benefit."

"Don't you understand that this makes such a difference in our respective positions, that I can't ask her to marry me now?"

"Not exactly," was the grave reply; "she might want a few days to become accustomed to the prospect of much misery, and would, perhaps, like to indulge in the extravagance of a new dress for the occasion."

I see it's no use trying to explain anything to you, Sophy; yet I think you might spare me a little sympathy. My hopes are all knocked on the head; so the only thing I can do is to keep out of harm's way," and with these words, Gerald, very decidedly huffed, walked into the house; and Sophy, after gathering a few more flowers, walked to the summer-house, where she threw herself into a seat, and began industriously fanning herself with her hat, and indulging in a small amount of mental calculation.

"A pleasant state of things, truly!" she soliloquized. "So I am to be left to the tender mercies of burglars, just because my brother happens to fall in love. Not if I know it, Gerald Brookes. Besides, it's all nonsense. If I cared for any one—which, thank goodness! I don't—why, money would make no difference; and I don't believe it does with Clara. I'll find out this morning whether she likes him; it will be easy work to manage him."

Gerald was very moody at breakfast, and apparently absorbed in the morning paper. Sophy paid no attention to him, keeping up a conversation with Clara, whose eyes constantly wandered in the direction of the quiet reader, who felt her inquiring glance, but would not meet it openly.

Before leaving home, Gerald managed to find an opportunity of saying to Sophy:

"I will write you in the course of the day, and assign some trivial reason for being out to-night. Say what you like to Miss Wallis about my absence." And his sister, after considering it very hard lines to be obliged to do civility for both, agreed to his request.

"How quiet you are!" was Clara's comment on her friend's behavior soon after Gerald had departed. "Are you not well, Sophy?"

"Mercies on us! my dear, yes. I always am well. But, if you really must know the reason I was 'so quiet,' as you call it, I was thinking over something Gerald told me this morning."

"In confidence—or may you tell me?"

"Well, it's not exactly a secret; but you need not let him know I told you. It appears a particular friend of his has lately been so unfortunate, or so foolish, as to become wonderfully attached to a young lady, ignorant of the fact that she possesses a considerable fortune; and, now that he has discovered his mistake, his pride won't let him have anything more to do with her, for fear, forsooth! that people should call him mercenary. So he wants to try absence as a cure, and came to ask Gerald's advice."

"What did your brother say?"

"I fancy he leans to the same idea."

Sophy thought Clara's face was a shade paler than usual, when she replied:

"Then I think it is very foolish and very wrong. How can this gentleman know that the heroine of your anecdote does not return his affection? No true woman would place money before her happiness or her love. Indeed," she added, reflectively, "I have sometimes imagined that girls who have not a penny are really most fortunate."

"Well, supposing it were your case, what would you have him do?"

"Why, go to the young lady, of course, and trust to her judgment. Depend upon it, if she be worth having, she will be his best adviser. Other people have nothing to do with it."

"My sentiments exactly, only better expressed," said Sophy, laughing; and soon after she made an excuse to go to her own room, where she penned the following note:

MY DEAR GERALD.—On mature consideration, I have arrived at the conclusion that you are a very decided muf, and that Frank Richards is another of the same species. After a due amount of pumping, I have ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that his knowledge of our fair friend's finances is as correct as I expected. If people

have match-making aunts, who delight in spreading reports of fortunes that exist solely in their own lively imaginations, they frequently overshoot the mark. However, I prefer delivering my lectures orally; so will give you a piece of my mind when you come home, which, if you value your own happiness and my opinion of your good sense, you will do at the usual time. Yours, SOPHY.

This vague effusion, meeting with the writer's entire approval—indeed, we rather think she doubted whether Talleyrand himself could have done better—was immediately dispatched to Gerald's office, and Sophy went to practice some duets with Clara with more than her usual energy.

The day wore away, and the afternoon was drawing to a close, when our heroine suddenly started up, with an exclamation of annoyance.

"How tiresome! Would you believe it, Clara," she said, "I promised Marshall to go down to the nursery to-day to see some new plants he has in. I quite forgot it until this moment. Would you mind being left alone, dear, a little while? Gerald will soon be home now. I should not like to disappoint the man."

"I will go with you."

"That would be the most agreeable arrangement, as far as I am concerned; but Gerald would be sadly put out if there were no one to pour out his tea for him. As I must pass Mrs. Clay's, I should like to call and see how she is; so I may be detained. Will you act housekeeper for once, Clara? I shall be so much obliged."

"Under such a pressure of circumstances, certainly," was the gay rejoinder.

Sophy did not take long to prepare for her walk, and Clara, looking after her as she went along the road, little thought what scheming it had taken to plan that sudden excursion to the nursery. It was a generous impulse that induced Sophy to absent herself from home that afternoon; and, if the corners of the little lady's mouth did quiver and her eyes twinkle, as she thought over the explanation scene, her suppressed merriment was a source of great enjoyment to herself, and did no one else any harm. Possibly, Marshall's flowers required an extra amount of admiration that day, or Mrs. Clay's conversation was more than usually attractive, or it may have been that both these reasons for delay were combined, for it was almost dusk when Sophy entered the garden at Egmont Villa.

A smile of very decided meaning crossed her face as she noticed a couple who were standing in the porch, so absorbed in themselves that they did not observe her approach. Gerald, his lighted cigar in his hand, was demonstrating some knotty point to his companion, whose eyes were raised to his, and her little hands clasped on his arm, as Sophy knew they would not have been that morning.

Romantic as the pair looked, it would have been contrary to Sophy's nature to have stood still long, even to admire them, so, advancing toward them, she exclaimed:

"Here have I been worrying myself for fear you should be sending scouts in all directions to look after me, and you don't seem to trouble about my absence in the least."

With a crimson flush, visible even in the dim twilight, Clara tried to snatch her hand from Gerald's arm, but he drew it back again with gentle determination, and, as he did so, called his sister to him.

"I have something to tell you, little one."

"Do you think I don't know it already?" she asked, with a saucy smile.

"Perhaps, but you have not heard it officially yet. You are a dear good girl, though you do tease sometimes, and I am so pleased to-night that I want you to share my pleasure; and that is only fair, as you have had a hand in winning it for me. Have you a welcome for a sister, Sophy?"

"Yes, indeed, and a hearty one, too," was the reply, as the speaker threw her arms round Clara and gave her a warm kiss—a token of affection that another of the trio seemed inclined to bestow in the same quarter.

Sophy wondered whether Gerald still considered Frank Richards mistaken with regard to Clara's fortune, and it was not until supper-time that the mystery was solved.

Clara had sat for some minutes without speaking, when suddenly she looked up and said:

"Sophy, was Gerald the hero of your tale?"

"Now for it," thought our heroine; but, trusting to the old proverb—"The least said, the soonest mended"—she answered "Yes," and Clara continued:

"How foolish of him! You ought to have known me better, Gerald, than to think that my stupid money would make me care less for you?"

"Never mind, dear, we won't talk about that any more. Still, I am very glad you have none." Here Clara opened her eyes to their widest extent, and Sophy found it necessary to apply her handkerchief to her mouth to prevent laughing.

"What do you mean, Gerald?"

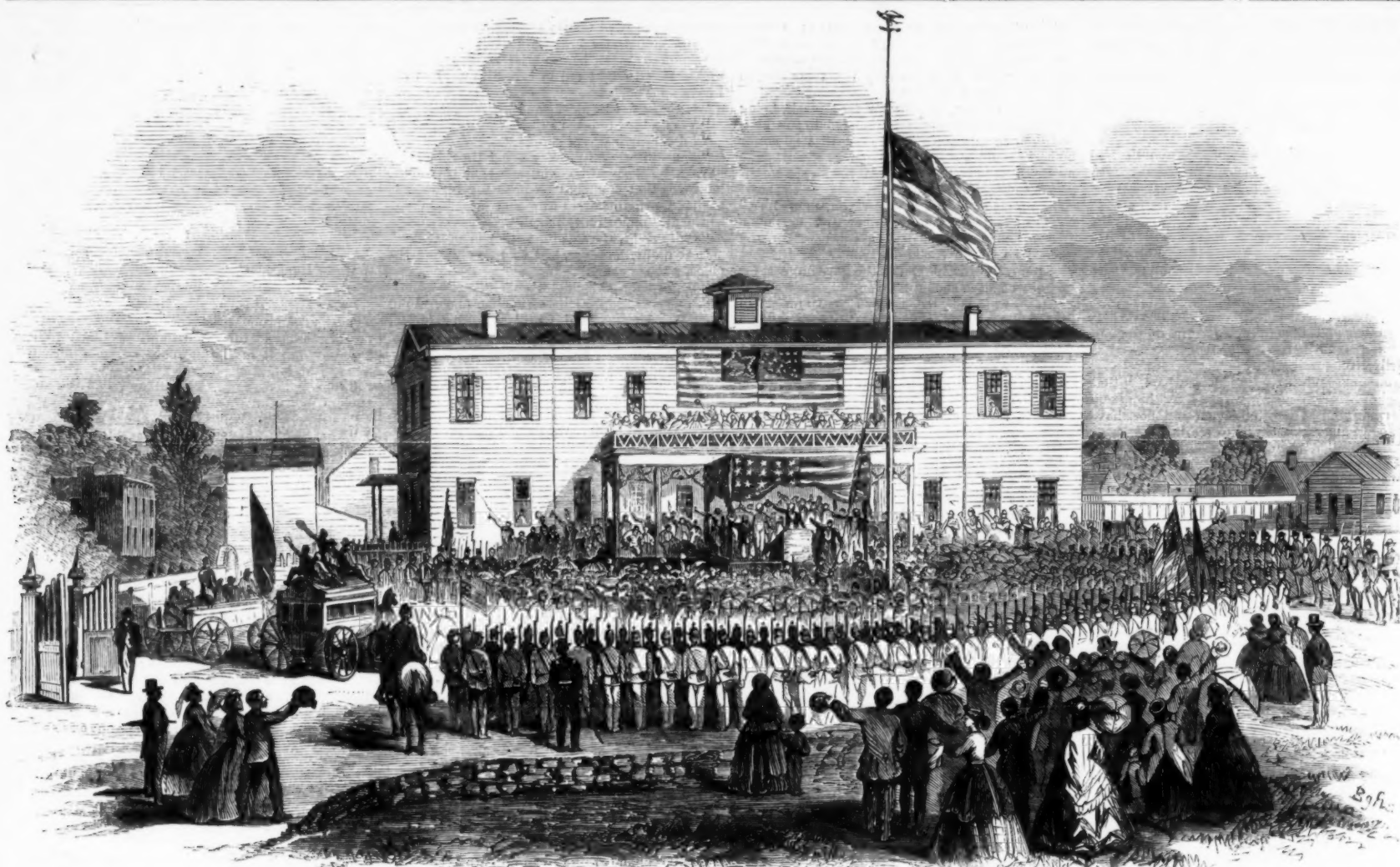
"Why that I prefer a fortune in a wife to a fortune with a wife. Is not that the correct expression?"

"And when you have both, it is still better. Now, confess that you ridiculous boy."

"Clara!" said Gerald, turning very red, and then stopping short, as Sophy's laugh rang through the room.

"Don't look so supremely absurd, exclaimed the latter, as soon as she recovered sufficient composure to speak, "or you will be the death of me, Gerald. I didn't say Frank Richards was wrong, nor that Clara had no money. If you will jump at conclusions, you must expect to stick in the hedge sometimes. It's too late now for heroics."

And so it was. The sweet face, looking so pleadingly into his, was irresistible. Rich or poor, he could not give up the prize he had so recently won. Thus, in spite of himself, Gerald wooed and won an heiress, and is now perfectly reconciled to the fact; whilst Sophy as constantly prides herself on the success with which her part in their little drama was performed.



THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW JERSEY HOME FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS, AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—RAISING THE NATIONAL FLAG, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1866.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. BERGHAUS.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE HOSPITAL.

NEW JERSEY was among the first to take active measures for the comfort and sustenance of disabled soldiers. In the winter of 1863 and '64, Governor Ward presented a petition to the Legislature, asking for a commission to examine into and report on the subject of making suitable provision for the wants of those patriots who were unable to contribute to their own support.

This petition met with a hearty response, and a commission was at once appointed to carry out the objects referred to in the request. Grounds were obtained, and a building erected at an expense of several thousand dollars, in which about fifty veterans of the war are cared for and supported. On the 5th inst. the Home was formally dedicated, in the presence of a large

audience which assembled to witness the ceremonies.

These consisted of music, several addresses, by Governor Ward and others, the singing of an ode composed for the occasion, the presentation of a handsome flag, which was raised on a high staff by four maimed veterans amid tumultuous cheering. The entire affair, as a demonstration, was a decided success, and the State of New Jersey may well be proud of an institution that will be a perpetual monument of her regard for those brave sons who periled their lives for the defense of her liberties and a common country.

THE BATHS AT BIARRITZ.

Those who have visited the seaside will enjoy and appreciate the scene shown in the accompanying illustration. Since Biarritz has been endorsed by the Emperor and Court it has become

the grand resort of the *dé* or Paris, and all, in fact, who do not wish to lose caste in the fashionable world.

The large building in the picture contains the dressing-rooms where the bathers change their ordinary apparel for the vesture of the swimming school. The balconies are a favorite lounging-place for those who are mere lookers-on, amusing themselves with the frolics of those who disport themselves in one of the grandest elements of nature.

SCENE AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

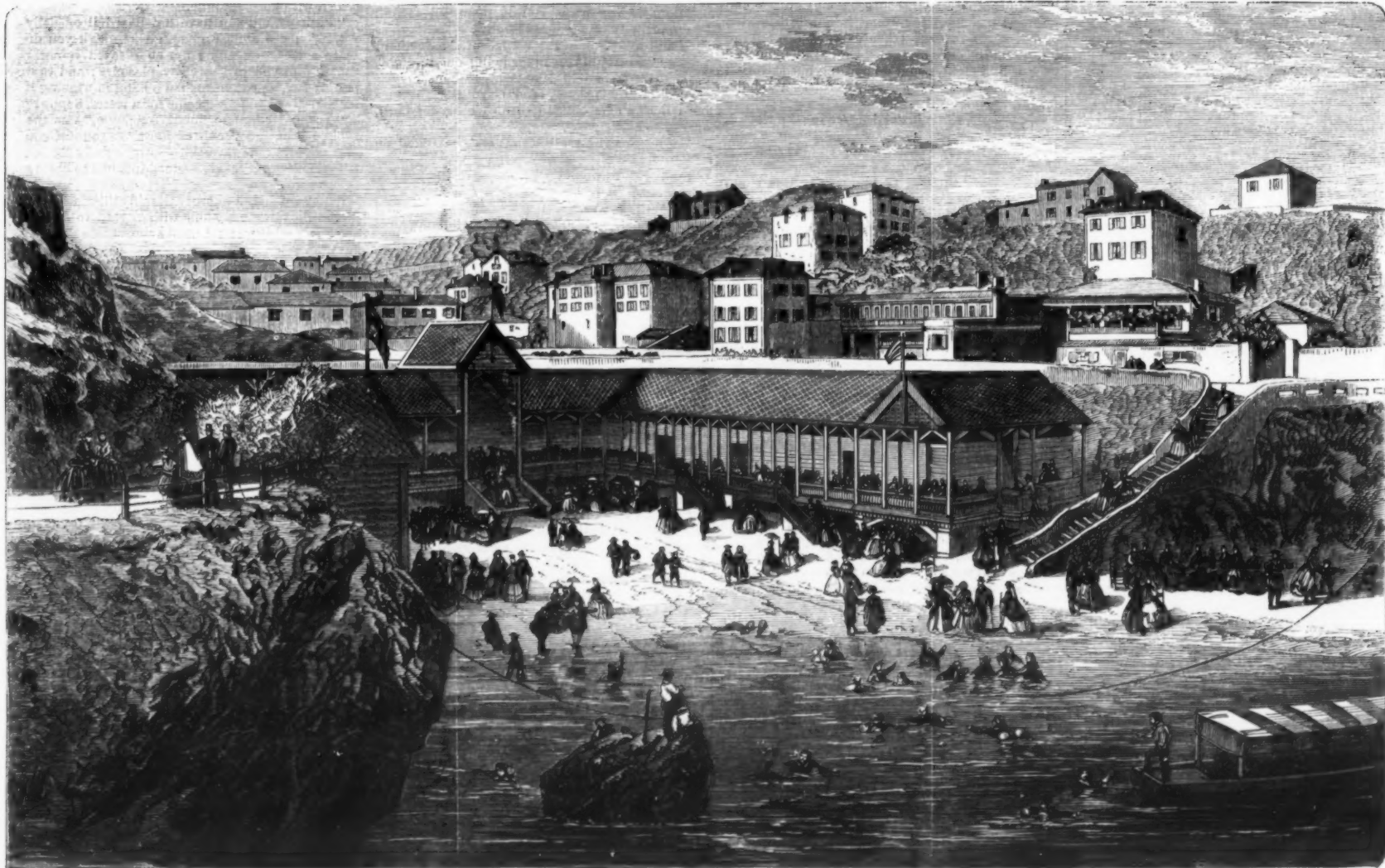
Our illustration on next page represents one of these gay and brilliant scenes that constitute the charm of Parisian society.

All that is refined in taste, elegant in style, joy-

ous in intercourse, is here displayed in its full attraction. One gazing at these careless revelers would forget that the world had anything but pleasures—had any realities requiring a grave mood. These people evidently know how to enjoy themselves—a great achievement sometimes.

BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

THE Douglas birthplace is situated in Brandon, Vermont, a beautiful village nestled at the base of the Green Mountains, and famed the world over for its frozen well—a well forty feet deep—its sides in summer and winter always covered with ice. It was in this pleasant village, shadowed by the Green Mountains, and in view of the snow-capped Adirondack, and which, in the days of the Revolution, was the stamping ground of Ethan Allen



THE BATHS AT BIARRITZ, FRANCE, THE FAVORITE RESORT OF THE ELITE OF PARIS.

and his Green Mountain Boys, that the great statesman notched his first years.

We have all been amused at the remark of Douglas in regard to his native State, "That it was a good State to be born in, but a very poor State to live and die in!"

The heart always clings to its first home, and it was always a joy to Douglas to go back to his birthplace and receive the hearty congratulations of his many friends, where all knew him to love him.

Now that all are interested in the erection of the splendid monument to his memory in Chicago, we are glad to publish this picture of his Green Mountain first home, as an object of interest connected therewith. It is from a photograph by J. Cady.

THE CAT AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

It is a well-known fact that air is so indispensable to breath and life, that if deprived of it for only a few moments we faint and die. This fact is often illustrated by placing some small animal in the receiver of an air-pump and then exhausting the air. At first the animal pants in distress, soon it becomes weaker, and if the pumping be continued it falls down and expires.

A philosopher was once making this experiment with a cat in the receiver, but as soon as he began pumping, puss placed her paws upon the opening of the valve tube, and thus prevented the air



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, AT BRANDON, VT.—FROM A PHOT. BY J. CADY.

glittering surface does not always indicate the purest gold beneath. I remember once having seen a massive gold chain, wrought from the pure metal, placed beside another that was far inferior in quality, but with a surface of ten times richer hue. Had I not been told the difference, I should have chosen the latter as in every way more valuable; but when it was explained that one bore the genuine hue of gold, while the other had been colored by a process known to jewelers, I was struck with the lesson it taught."

"What lesson, Rose?"

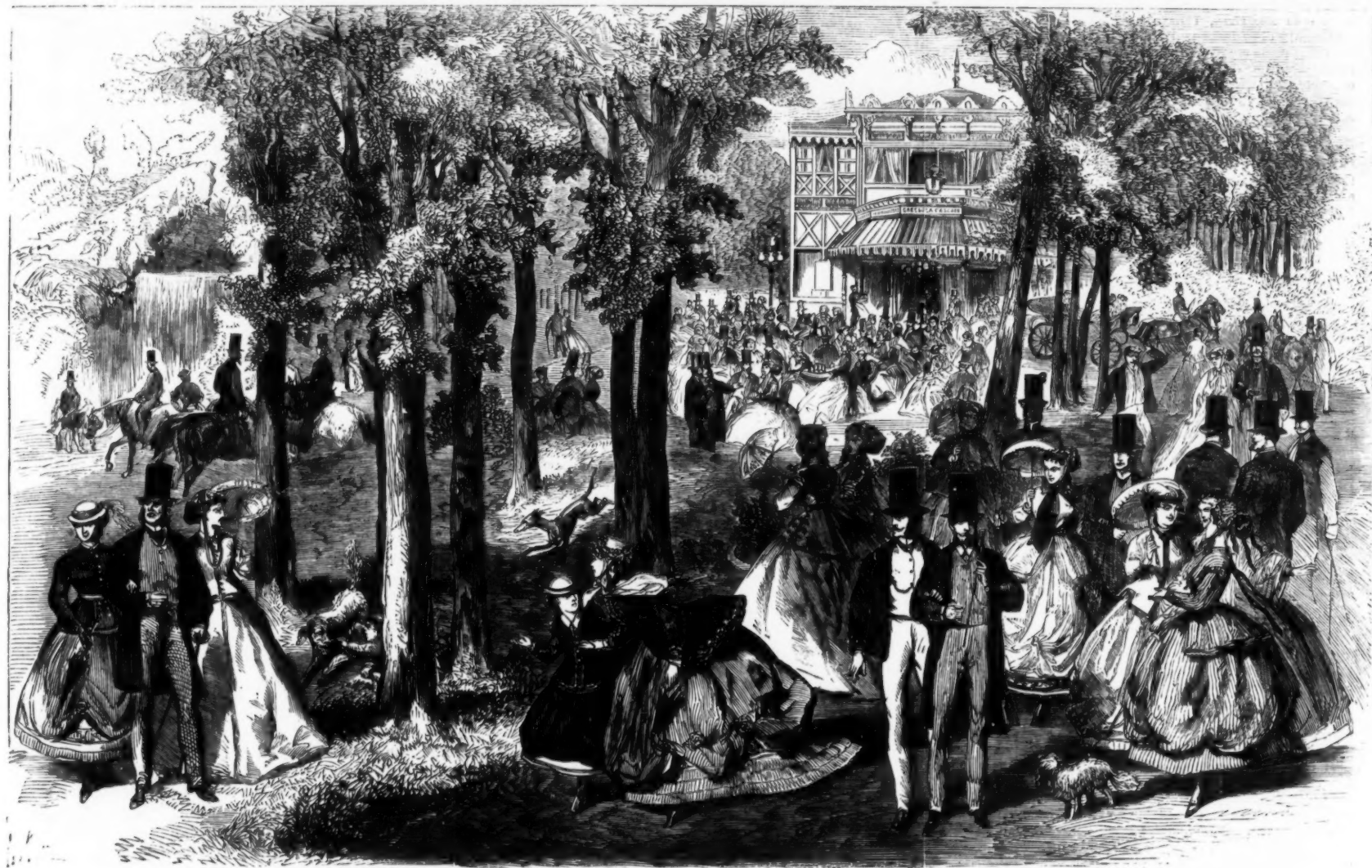
"That the richest substance has not always the most glittering exterior. That real worth, satisfied with the consciousness of interior soundness of principle, assumes few imposing exterior aspects and forms."

"And that rule you apply to these two young men?"

"By that rule I wish to be guided, in some degree, in my choice, Annette. I wish to keep my mind so balanced that it may not be swayed from a sound discrimination by anything of merely imposing exterior."

"But is not the exterior—that which meets the eye—all we can judge from? Is not the exterior a true expression of that which is within?"

"Not by any means, Annette. I grant that it



THE CAFE DE LA CASCADE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS, THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADE OF THE PARISIANS.

rom being exhausted. If the pumping ceased she removed her paw, but as soon as it was resumed, the paw was again replaced.

Pussy's ingenuity saved her life, the experiment proving a failure, and the instinct of the cat exciting the wonder of the spectators.

The Maiden's Choice.

"Two offers at once! You are truly a favored maiden, Rose," said Annette Lewis, to her young friend, Rose Lilton, in a gay tone. "It is husband or no husband with most of us; but you have your choice between two."

"And happy shall I be if I have the wisdom to choose rightly," was the reply of Rose.

"If it were my case, I do not think I should have much difficulty in making a choice."

"Don't you? Suppose, then, you give me the benefit of your preference?"

"Oh, no! not for the world!" replied Annette, laughing. "I'm afraid you might be jealous of me afterward."

"Never fear. I am not of a jealous disposition."

"No, I won't commit myself with regard to your lovers. But if they were mine, I would soon let it be known where my preference lay."

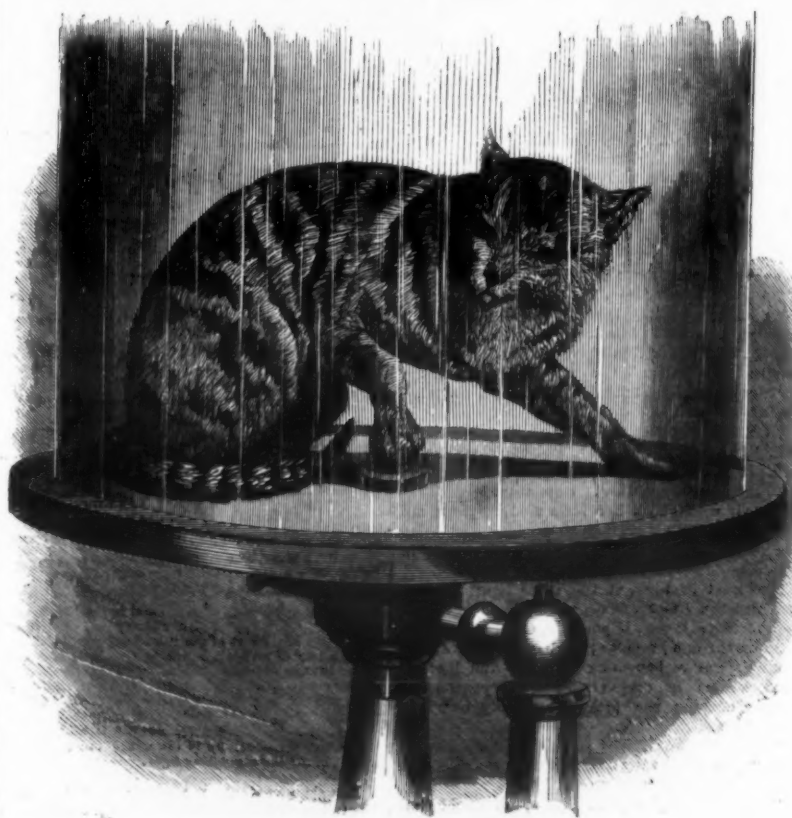
"Then you won't assist me in coming to a decision? Surely I am entitled to this act of friendship?"

"If you put it upon that ground, Rose, I do not see how I can refuse."

"I do put it upon that ground, Annette. And now, I ask you, as a friend, to give me your opinion of the two young men, James Hambleton and Marcus Gray, who have seen such wonderful attractions in my humble self as to become suitors for my hand at the same time."

"Decidedly, then, Rose, I should prefer Marcus Gray."

"There is about him, certainly, Annette, much to attract a maiden's eye and to captivate her heart; but it has occurred to me that the most



THE CAT AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

should be, but it is not. Look at the fact I have just named respecting the gold chains."

"But they were inanimate substances. They were not faces, where thoughts, feelings and principles find expression."

"Do you suppose, Annette, that bad gold would ever have been colored so as to look even more beautiful than that which is genuine, if there had not been men who assumed exterior graces and virtues that were not in their minds? No; the very fact you adduce strengthens my position. The time was, in the earlier and purer ages—the golden ages—of the world's existence, when the countenance was the true index of the mind. Then it was a well-tuned instrument, and the mind within a skillful player, to whose touch every muscle, and cord, and minute fibre gave an answering melody. That time has passed. Men, now, school their faces to deception. It is an art which we nearly all practice but too often. We study to appear what we are not. Look at some men whom we meet every day; with faces whose calmness—I should rather say rigidity—gives no evidence that a single emotion ever crosses the waveless ocean of their minds. But it is not so. The mind within is active with thought and feeling. But the instrument formed for it to play upon has lost its tune, or bears only relaxed or broken chords."

"You have a strange, visionary way of talking, sometimes, Rose," replied Annette, as her friend ceased speaking. "All that may do for your German transcendentalists, or whatever you call them; but it won't do when you come down to the matter-of-fact business of life."

"To me, it seems eminently a practical principle, Annette. We must act, in all important matters in life, with a just discrimination; and how can we truly discriminate, if we are not well versed in those philosophical principles upon which, and only upon which, right discriminations can be made."

"I must confess, Rose," replied her young friend, "that I do not see that all this has much

bearing upon the matter under discussion; or, at least, I cannot see the truth of its application. Gold never assumes a lozenge exterior.

"Well?"

"We need not be very eminent philosophers to distinguish one from the other."

"No, of course not."

"Very well. Here is Marcus Gray, with a genuine golden exterior, and James Hambleton with a lozenge one."

"I do not grant the position, Annette. It is true that Mr. Hambleton is not so brilliant and showy; but I have found in him one quality I have not yet discovered in the other."

"What is that?"

"Depth of feeling and high moral principle."

"You certainly do not pretend to affirm that Mr. Gray has neither feeling nor principle?"

"Of course I do not. I only say that I have never yet perceived any very strong indications of their existence."

"Why, Rose?"

"I am in earnest, Annette. I doubt not that he possesses both, and, I trust, too, in a high degree. But he seems to be so constantly acting a brilliant and effective part, that nature, unadorned and simple, has no chance to speak out. It is not so with Mr. Hambleton. Every word he utters shows that he is speaking what he really feels; and often, though not so highly polished in speech as Mr. Gray, I have heard him utter sentiments of genuine truth and humanity, in a tone that made my heart bound with pleasure, at recognizing the simple eloquence of his nature. His character, Annette, I find it in no way difficult to read; that of Marcus Gray puzzles my closest scrutiny."

"I certainly cannot sympathize with you in your singular notions, Rose," her friend replied. "Certain it is, that I never discovered either of the peculiarities in these young men that you seem to make of so much importance. As for Mr. Gray, he is a man of whom any woman might feel proud, for he combines intelligence and courteous manners with a fine person—while this Hambleton is, to me, insufferably stupid. And no one, I am sure, can call his address and manners anything like polished. Indeed, I should pronounce him downright boorish and awkward. Who would want a man for a husband of whom she would be ashamed? Not I, certainly."

"I will readily grant you, Annette," Rose said, as her friend ceased speaking, "that Mr. Hambleton's exterior attractions are not to be compared with those of Mr. Gray. But, as I have said, in a matter like this, where it is the quality of the mind, and not the external appearance of the man alone that is to give happiness, it behooves a maiden to look beneath the surface, as I am trying to do now."

"But I could not love a man like Mr. Hambleton, unless, indeed, there were no possibility of getting any one else. In that case I would make a choice of evils between single blessedness and such a husband. But to have two such offers, as you have, Rose, and hesitate to make a choice, strikes me as singular indeed."

"I do not hesitate, Annette," was the quiet reply.

"Have you then, indeed, decided, Rose?"

"I have—and this conversation has caused me to decide; for, as it has progressed, my mind has been enabled to see truly the real difference in the characters of my suitors."

"You have, then, decided in favor of Mr. Gray?"

"Indeed I have not, Annette. Though I admire his fine talents, and his polished exterior, I have never been able to perceive in him those qualities on which my heart can rest in confidence. He may possess these in even a higher degree than Mr. Hambleton, but I am afraid to run so great a risk. In the latter, I know there are moral qualities that I can love and depend upon."

"But he is so dull, Rose,"

"I really do not think so, Annette. There is not so much flash about him, if I may use the word, as about Mr. Gray. But as to his being dull, I must beg to differ with you. To me, his conversation is always interesting."

"It never is so to me. And besides all that, his tastes and mine are as widely different as the poles. Why, Rose, if you become his wife, you will sink into obscurity at once. He never can make any impression on society. It is not in him."

"Rather make no impression on society at all, than a false or disgraceful one, say I," was the firm reply of Rose.

"You cannot, certainly, mean to say," returned her friend, "that the impression made upon society by Mr. Gray is either a false or disgraceful one?"

"I should be sorry to make that assertion, for I do not believe such to be the case," Rose replied. "What I mean is, that I can read Mr. Hambleton's true character, and know it to be based upon fixed and high-toned principles. These can never make the woman who truly loves him unhappy. They give place to no moral contingencies, by which hopes are so often wrecked, and hearts broken. Now, with regard to Mr. Gray, there is nothing in his character, so far as I can read it, upon which to predicate safe calculations of this kind. He is intelligent, and highly interesting as a companion. His personal appearance and address are attractive. But all below the exterior is hidden. The moral qualities of the man never show themselves. I feel that to give my heart to such an one would be risking too much. Of course I must decline his offer."

"Indeed, indeed, Rose, I think you are very foolish!"

"Time will show, Annette."

"Yes, time will show," was the prophetic response.

And time did show that Rose made a right choice when she accepted the offer of James Hambleton, and gave him a warm, true heart. Wisely and well did she choose, for, in her choice, she

was governed by a rational conviction that James Hambleton's character was based upon high moral principles. In resting her hopes upon these, she had nothing to fear.

Pierre Rivel; How he Became Something More than a Bar

"Ah, to be only a barber, a poor, miserable, insignificant barber! To be always shaving the beards of men and dressing the hair of fine ladies!" sighed Pierre Rivel, as he paced up and down his little shop, just eight feet by fourteen, and situated in a gloomy narrow street in the great city of Paris.

"But then this last," continued Pierre, referring, of course, to his lady-customers, "is not so unpleasant, after all; in fact, I rather like it. And some of them are so good as to compliment me—which, if the compliment is well meant, isn't by any means disagreeable. Now, there's Madame Desmarais, she is ugly; but said she to me the other day, 'Monsieur Rivel, you are an artist, a perfect artist.' Ah, I wish I were, though Madame who was pleased to say so is so fat and ugly. I wish I were an artist in something more than hair," sighed Pierre, as he paused to look at his order-book.

"A new lady to wait on to-night," continued he, turning over a leaf. "My business is increasing among the fair sex. Madame Adele Delmaire, No. 15, Rue St. George. A wealthy quarter, the Rue St. George; and Delmaire, now I think of it, was the name of the rich banker who died a year ago, and who, as all Paris knows, married a poor girl who was so beautiful—so beautiful, it is said. I wonder if Madame is blonde or brunette; if she prefer the Empress Eugenie or the Pompadour, and which is more becoming to her style? Zounds! it is half-past five now, and Madame's hour is six. I must make ready and be off."

So saying, Pierre Rivel got together his "tools," as he called them, into a small wicker basket; and having locked the door and deposited the key in his coat-pocket, set out in the direction of the Rue St. George.

Now, any one to have seen Pierre on the street, or, in fact, anywhere else, not excepting his narrow, unpretentious little shop, could not but remark what a handsome fellow he was. His tall, erect and graceful figure, his finely-chose features, his dark wavy hair, were by no means common, even among men of superior station to his own; and as he walked along through the crowd, many were the glances turned toward him by both sexes, those of the one in envy of his fine looks, and the other in admiration thereof.

He was not long in reaching the Rue St. George; the clock was on the stroke of six as he knocked at the door of the large and stately mansion known as No. 15. Pierre entered with but little ceremony; it was only necessary for him to state his business, when he was conducted at once by the servant in attendance to the elegant boudoir where Madame Delmaire awaited him.

"Heaven defend my eyesight!" mentally ejaculated Pierre, as he beheld seated there what seemed to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he had dressed the hair of several who were renowned in Paris for their charms.

As he entered, she just turned toward him, with a languid, listless air, two of the softest blue eyes, whose long silken lashes seemed to weigh the heavy eyelids down again almost before they had reached his face, but not until they had detected in that one slow but short glance the admiration which so plainly revealed itself in Pierre's expressive countenance. A half-concealed smile played for one moment round the lady's crimson lips; then settling herself in the sumptuous easy-chair which she occupied, she never once raised her eyes again till the artist's work was accomplished.

How magnificent she looked when all was finished! Those superb tresses of golden hair, into what splendid waves the cunning fingers of Pierre had converted them! How becoming the Empress Eugenie mode was to her queenly features! She glanced for one moment at her mirror, which hung directly in front of her; and Pierre saw in the face reflected how satisfied she was with his efforts. And as he stood awaiting any further commands, he saw also that she stole one glance at him, or, at least, at his shadow in the mirror; and that glance was not one of cold, proud disdain; and so Pierre Rivel's manly heart told him.

"To-morrow, at the same hour," was all she said; the voice was wonderfully low and musical—and Pierre left the boudoir, and passed into the street, receiving his fee from the servant who opened the door for him.

"What an extraordinary lovely creature, and how young, too! She cannot be more than twenty," were his thoughts, as he went on the way to his shop; and the face and form of the lady he had just left filled his mind like a wonderful vision.

"Oh, if I were an artist," he muttered to himself, "if I were a real artist, and not a miserable artist in hair! Then she would send for me, and I would paint her picture. I am sure I could become an artist with her for a model; yes, I am sure of it!"

And Pierre felt the fire of genius burn within him while he spoke.

The next evening, at the same hour, he went again to the Rue St. George. Madame Delmaire looked more lovely, if possible, on this occasion than on the one previous; perhaps the colors she wore were more becoming to her. And Pierre's success was in proportion; he surpassed his former efforts; she looked radiantly beautiful when he had finished.

"Monsieur Rivel," she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "you are, as my friend Madame Desmarais informed me, a perfect artist!"

"Ah, Madame," replied Pierre, "I would that I were one."

"Indeed, you are truly excellent."

"Yes, Madame, as a humble hairdresser; but why cannot I be a real artist—a painter?"

"A painter, Monsieur Rivel!" and a strange smile flitted across her features.

"Ah, Madame, I see that you smile; you think me presumptuous; but if—I could only have your face as a model, I am sure I might succeed. Alas! I am but a humble hairdresser. Forgive me, gracious Madame!"

"You can but try, Monsieur Rivel. Come to me to-morrow, in the morning; I will have canvas, brushes and colors. Till then, farewell!"

"To-morrow, in the morning! To paint her portrait! Impossible!" said Pierre to himself. "It is a dream—there can be no reality in this!"

But in the morning, Pierre Rivel found that it was real, for he stood face to face with the beautiful Madame Delmaire. There were pallet, brushes, colors, canvas, easel, all awaiting him. There was no necessity to pose the figure, even had it occurred to him to do so; she seated herself on the raised platform, in the chair which stood upon it, and the attitude was all that the most renowned of painters could desire. Pierre gazed for a moment entranced, then fell to work on the canvas.

He had learned to draw at school, in the days when his father was better off than at the time of his death, and he was possessed of natural talent; now he was inspired, and inspiration aided him. The picture grew, the likeness became more and more apparent.

"With your permission, we will close for to-day, Monsieur Rivel," said his beautiful sitter, descending from the throne.

Pierre ceased his labor with a sigh.

"Ah, it is so unsatisfactory!" said he, gazing first at the sketch, then at the original.

"It is admirable," replied the lady.

The second and the third sitting passed, and Pierre began with brush and color. The fourth and fifth went by, and he found how incapable he was of accomplishing the task he had undertaken—how inadequate genius is, unless aided by a knowledge of art. Then, too, his fingers trembled nervously, his heart throbbed violently in his breast, his color went and came, and at last both pallet and brushes dropped from his hand upon the floor.

"Pardon me, gracious Madame," he exclaimed, rising and bowing before her, "pardon me! Behold what feelings have arisen in my breast; pardon me, and let me pass from your presence."

"Stay! stay!" she answered, and the lady's color burned, her bosom rose and fell, her hand trembled. "You shall yet be an artist, Monsieur Rivel, and you shall live to paint my portrait. I have means; you shall study with the first masters. The world shall recognize you yet."

Two years went by, and the critics went mad about a picture on the walls of the Exhibition. It was the portrait of a lady, and the work of a young man hitherto unknown in art.

Shortly afterward, the Paris papers announced the marriage of the beautiful Adele Delmaire with the distinguished artist, Pierre Rivel.

MARRIAGE STATISTICS.—A belief is sometimes expressed that now-a-days people marry later in life than they did formerly; but, if this is the case in certain classes of society, it does not obtain among the people generally, for the proportion of young persons who marry has never been so high as during the year 1863, and, with very few exceptions, the rate has been annually increasing during the last twenty years. In 1841, in every 100 marriages, 4.88 of the men and 13.29 of the women were under 21 years of age. In 1861 these proportions had risen to 6.61 and 19.90 respectively. The counties in which the greatest proportion of young persons married are those of Buckingham, Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambridge, Suffolk, Leicestershire, York (West Riding) and Durham. The counties showing the smallest proportions are Middlesex (extra metropolitan), Hereford, Salop, Rutland, York (North Riding), Northumberland and North Wales. 132,248 men and 116,094 women wrote their names at marriage; 41,262 men and 57,461 women signed with marks; 76 in 100 men wrote their names and 33 made marks. These proportions are precisely the same as in the previous years, and cannot be regarded as satisfactory. The twelve preceding years show a continuous decrease in the percentage of those who signed with marks. London heads the list with proportions of 89 in 100 men and 82 in 100 females signing their names. In Monmouthshire and Wales the state of education estimated by this standard is very defective. Half the women who married in Wales and Lancashire signed with marks. England is as healthy as Scotland, which affords an average space of six acres to a person, while in England the area is less than two acres.—*London Athenaeum.*

ALLITERATION.—Coleridge and De Quincey are rich in alliteration. De Quincey, that "illustrious master of English prose," as Dr. French calls him, uses it with superb effect. In Coleridge's poems, too, it is employed frequently, and with scarcely less effect than in De Quincey. It is often the best note in the music of his imaginative verses. For instance, in the "Ancient Mariner," the repetition in the following stanza heightens the picture of the hapless mariner's ship:

"The breezes blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free,
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

And then again—
"His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween;
Jet black and bare, save where with rust
Of moldy damps and charnel crust
They were patched with purple and green."

Once more—
"And the coming wind did rear more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge."

And again, with an indescribably exquisite cadence
"To Mary, queen, the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul."

In fact, Coleridge is rich, almost beyond comparison, in euphony and resonant alliteration. Much of the wild and weird effect of the "Ancient Mariner," and of the mastery of its spell, is due to the subtle interlinking of the sounds of letters. The fascination is intensified by the congregation and commingling of similar vocabularies, and the coloring is thereby deepened in glow.

When a cunning man seems the most humble and submissive, he is often the most dangerous. Look out for the crouching tiger.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken. The full heart knows no rhetoric of words; it resorts to the pantomime of sighs and glances.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WATER isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it's a capital one for drinking your own.

UNSOCIAL old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

A MAN who marries a frivolous, showy woman fancies he has hung a trinket round his neck, but he soon finds it a millstone.

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" says Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop!"

"HAVE you no shame, sir?"

"No, neither of us have any; you, because you have no sense of shame; and I, because I never do anything to be ashamed of."

"HAVE you decided whether to make your son a soldier or a lawyer?"

"No; but I will as soon as I can settle in my own mind whether it is best for him to live upon the blood and misery, or upon the vices and follies of his species."

THERE is a commercial gentleman who is unusually scrupulous in regard to having his door-plate polished every morning, being determined to "leave an untarnished name behind him"—when he goes to the counting-room.

A COLORED cook expecting company of her own kind, was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said:

"Chloe, you must make an apology."

"La! missus, how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it wid."

WHY should young ladies make good rifle volunteers?—Because they are accustomed to bare arms.

WHAT is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?—One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

An enthusiastic architect having received an order to build a summer-house, wishes to contract for a load of sun-beams.

THIS is an old story, which few persons have not heard. When Governor of New York, Seward, in those pre-railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State; and, accordingly mounted upon a box of the mail-coach, in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passenger humored him.

"Land agent?" said the driver.

"No," quoth Seward.

"Selling goods?"

"No."

"Traveling preacher?"

"No."

"Circus?"

"No."

"What then?" said the baffled driver—"what is your business?"

"Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff.

"Governor of what?"

"Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger, with composure.

"Get out!"

"Well, I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted," and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Bunker. I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?"

"No, by thunder!" was Bunker's unexpected answer.

"Who is, then?" said the startled smoker.

"Thurloe Weed!"

THE last excuse for crinoline is that the "weaker vessels need much hoopsing."

A MERCHANT, examining a hog'shead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice.

"Och! don't be troubled," said the Irish porter; "sure the nagur took it out to open the hog'shead with."

A GENTLEMAN in the West Indies, who had frequently promised his friends to leave off drinking, without their discovering any improvement, was one morning called on early by an intimate friend, who met his negro boy at the door.

"Well, Sambo," said he, "where's your master?"

"Massa's gone out, sah," was the reply.

"And has he left off drinking yet?" rejoined the first.

"Oh, yes, sah," said Sambo, "massa leave off drinking; he leave off two, tree time dis morning."

DR. CASIN, having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy.

"There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

A GENTLEMAN met a half-witted lad on the road, and placing in one of his hands a dime and a cent, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied he would not be greedy; he'd take the smallest.

THE celebrated portrait-painter, Stuart, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with:

"Ah, Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature, and kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why, no."

"Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."

Two gentlemen, discussing the merits of a strict Calvinist minister and a liberalist, one remarked that the latter in his efforts did not go to any great depth.

"No," responded the other, "he does not go in that direction."

A WESTERN editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pocket.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

Our readers will permit us to draw their attention to the advertisement of the Opening Fair and Distribution of Premiums to commence in this city, 24th September next, under the management of J. B. Hawley & Co., old and popular Cincinnati merchants, who have too much reputation at stake, to say anything of the deserved character of the project, to let it be any other than a straightforward, upright and business-like transaction. Those who patronize this Distribution of Premiums may rely upon being fairly dealt with. The advertisement explains the matter in detail.—*Cincinnati Weekly Times.*

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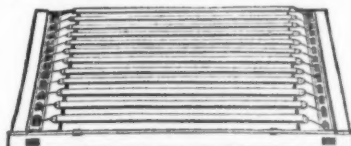
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